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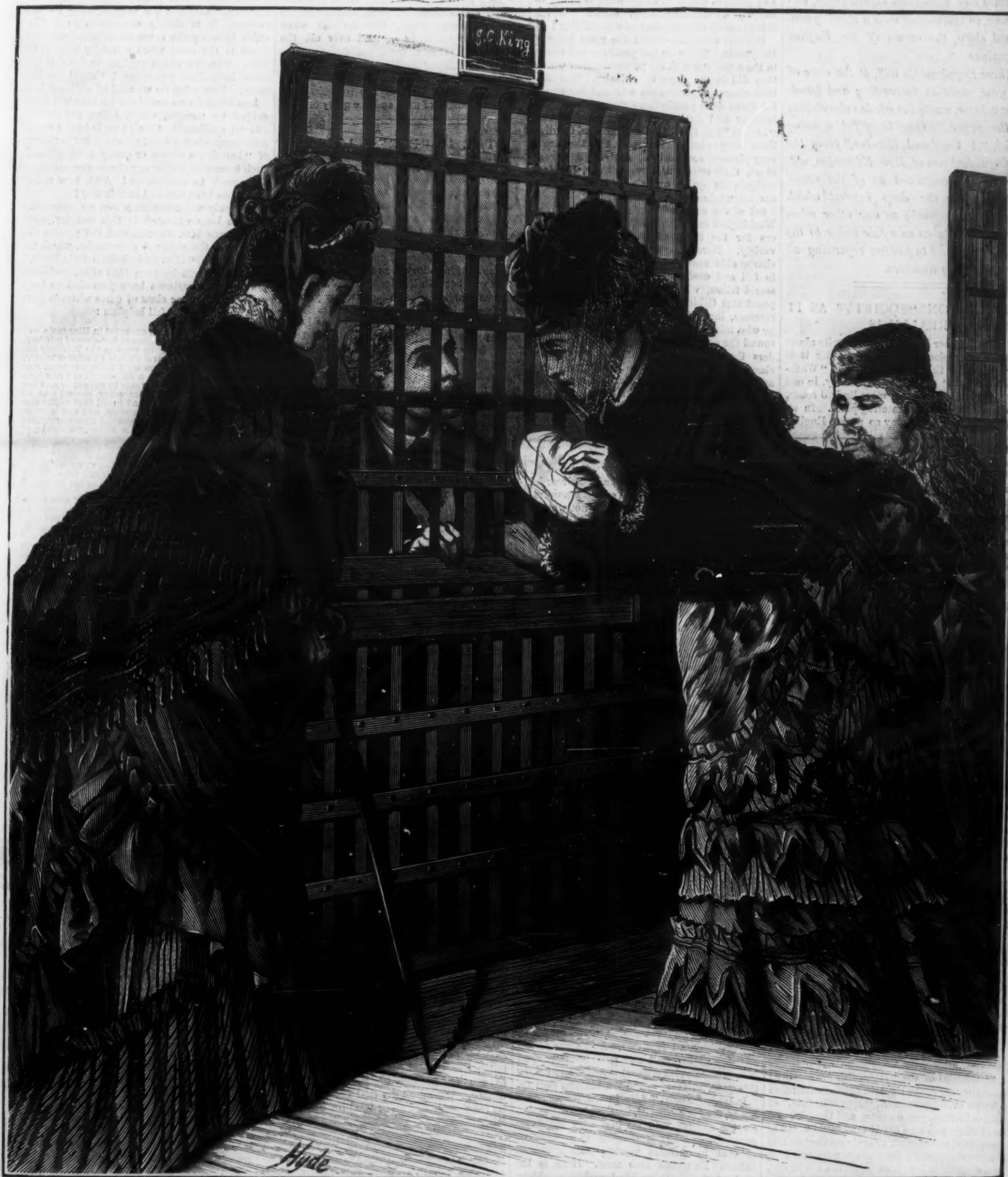
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NEW YORK CITY.—LADIES VISITING THE "TOMBS" WITH GIFTS FOR THE PRISONERS.—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.
SEE PAGE 335.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

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WASHINGTON "SOCIETY" AS IT REALLY IS.

AS in Summer it is the rage to write about watering-places, so in the Winter it is quite the thing to discourse of "Washington Society." Washington Society, in one sense, is continental; in a more limited sense, it is the society of a watering-place. In an average sense—if one may so phrase English—that of Washington is, of all tolerated mixed society, that which is the most mixed.

In the good old days, when the Cavaliers thrived, before the scurvy New England Puritans invaded Slavery and dispersed the proud sons of the sunny clime of sugar, cotton, and rice—when the South, in other words, was our ruler and in her prime, and when, to speak soberly, she was really the Conservative balance in our System—then there was a feudal favor, of course, in Washington "Society" proper which called back to the fancy knightly scenes, tournaments and hawking, palfreys and "nice honor," and as Lord Dundreary says, "all that sort of thing, you know." But this, in its highest estate, has wholly departed. A few New York and other officials keep up transient establishments, and give parties, and hold levees; but the glamour of the old régime does not adorn even such. The Presidential and Cabinet gatherings are like opera matinees. The average Congressman dines with anybody, anywhere, who will feed him well, tax him nothing, and who will be content with his "promises" of "influence" at Court. The outsiders who visit Washington for pleasure, go there on what may be called genteel "sprees." The Lobbyists visit the seat of Government, vulture-eyed, for "business." They select their hunting-parties, prepare their tools for the chase, point their game, and "bring it down"—some, with bribes of cash and "interests"; others, by *recherche* dinners; others, by the smiles and favors and graces of the fair sex. Everybody is "introduced" in Washington—that is, everybody who is not shabby—in dress! A, who has perhaps met B at a bar, and had "a drink" with him, "introduces" C to B; but do not, therefore, suppose that either the one or the other (always) knows anything about the antecedents or social status of his "friend." Of course, each individual there is a General, a Colonel, a Judge, a Governor, a Senator or Congressman, "ex" or otherwise. Each man, also, has either saved or damned, or intends to save or damn, an Administration.

The business of the politician in Washington—i. e., after the serious jobs (the hundreds of thousands) of the "larger fish" are settled in caucus and at the Departments—is attention to home or departmental "appointments," of petty collectors, postmasters, and the like, and the stuffing into an already crammed bureau of one more sinecure clerk, or applying the tortures of removal to some poor fellow who has long been shaking in his shoes (as all the clerks do), and who, after his removal, when he has finally outlived (if ever he do) his hopes of re-

installment in his old place, is stranded at this point like a wreck on a sand-bar. Thenceforward his career, which may have begun with the highest aspirations, is downward very often; perhaps, into the proprietorship of a lodging or boarding-house.

The grand social day-dream is, of course, "down the Avenue," the completion of whose first decent pavement, only two years ago, was inaugurated with that memorable "carnival," which was so hospitable—yet so funny, considering the magnitude of the event! This promenade ends at the Capitol, where the crowd goes into its galleries, and round and about, circling in and out, looking in at the library, mounting to the dome, lolling in the Supreme Court room, staring at the inexpressible "splendid" works of art, or gazing over the truly romantic and lovely scenery and panoramic view which meet the eye from that elevation, in the direction of the Executive Mansion. This street "society" is very gay, very buzzing, very sweet, very critical; for, everybody is chatting, or flirting, or "taking notes;" and, of course, at such a time and place everybody knows everything about art, and politics, and law, and "what is going to happen in Administration circles"—which things are so edifying and so entertaining!

But one must not forget the great body of Diplomats. These do not protrude and figure in the social eye with the port and glitter which they did in the days of chivalry. The old-time almost superstitious awe and reverence for these good people have thawed into quite familiar and democratic fellowships. Once "broken" into the republican harness, the diplomatists go along so smoothly, that they are a very pleasant acquisition. And on State occasions, their ornamentation—ribbons, baubles, insignia—is quite amusing to the average sovereign tobacco-chewer and cocktail-drinker. Most of the cayenne, mustard and oil in the Washington salad are supplied by the reporters for the Press, of whom there is every variety. Here the whole glorious pack of sharp, able and responsible Bohemians are in full and useful cry. Here, too, lurks the secret fellow, with pencil and notebook, who penetrates Cabinets and glides into inhibited recesses, invisible as Ariel; and here, also is he who, mischievous as Puck, "will put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Here wanders the representative of that very queer class who seem to have no *habitat*, and who, as Dickens phrased it, "sleep in space and feed on whisky." And here is likewise that other he, who,

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, his pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination."

Then there is the perennial and quadrennial feature of Washington known as the Inauguration Ball. This "grand event" is not what it was, by any sort of means, in the exclusive and stately days of Washington and Jefferson. It is now a promiscuous jam, where all may enter who pay, where dresses are torn, where hats are stolen, where pockets are sometimes picked—although your first-class professional thief seldom goes to the Capital, as there are few people there who have anything surplus either in house or pocket, most of the means of these good folks being consumed from week to week. It seldom happens that dancing can be done at this so-called national ball, unless by such as can execute the feat with that marvelous skill which "Kit North" displayed when he did his immortal post-prandial *pas seul*, and without damage to the frail ware, on top of a dinner-table, among the wine-glasses and decanters.

It is lamentably true that most "outsiders" go to Washington absolutely to plunder the Government (with the help of the insiders); but while this fact must be conceded, it still remains to be said that, of all our great societies, Washington is the most free from Shoddy worship. Here the rich man, *per se*, is of no account. Brains and culture tell here, and take their deserved rank. Here are men of eminent attainments and of great thought; astronomers, geologists, archaeologists, pundits, savans, such as our Clerks of the Weather; micro-photographers, who brood, in the most complete Anatomical Museum in the world, over the morbid specimens garnered up from battle-fields, and who illustrate the character and pathology of gunshot-wounds and the like; statisticians, who help to keep this jumping world in stays, and who tell us how, for example, to regulate the international coinage; besides that mysterious body of great men who are secreted behind the mummies in the Smithsonian Institute. And some of the purest and loveliest and most accomplished women of America consent to adorn and hallow this queer mixture called Washington Society.

Indeed, "Social" Life in Washington is a Study, for the humorist, for the philanthropist, for the satirist, and for him who wishes to comprehend what is possible to understand of that inscrutable mystery called human nature. Extraneous here meet. Here is the goal of fortunate political ambition. Here, alas! also is the forlorn hope—that body of

schemers to whom Washington is the last refuge, the "jumping-off place." The politician, the lobbyist, the myriad adventurers, male and female; the plotter, the comers into favor, and the goers out of favor; those Ghosts of the Political Past, the actors who yet linger superfluous on the stage, all these are great studies. And it is a study to see how even the gravest men, when cut loose from home-ties, here "caper nimbly to a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleatings of a lute," and how they enter behind baize doors into the gilded hells of the gamblers. In this latter regard the days of the Louis are revived.

In fine, Washington is the spot of all others in America where one beholds the universality of Shakespeare. Here cluster in bold relief *Brutus and Cassius, Iago, Roderigo and Cassio, Desdemona and Cleopatra, Coriolanus and Jack Cade, Hamlet, Timon, Touchstone and Dogberry. Malvolio* struts here, too, cross-gartered, in all his lunatic foolery. *Bottom*, who thinks himself equal to the acting of all parts, from a prime minister down to a clerk, here wears his ass's head; *Falstaff*, boasting, lustful, witty and venal, is befooled here by the merry wives; and *Sir Toby Belch* sports, on this stage, the same fire-red and carbuncled nose, and sings the same pot-house songs, that he did when Shakespeare made him. And over all, the Goddess of Liberty, from the dome of the Capitol, counts such solid treasures of mind, wealth and enterprise, as never before, in this world's history, have had like free scope for the development of man and the glory of God.

THE MURDERESS LYDIA SHERMAN.

LYDIA SHERMAN, the woman poisoner, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life in Connecticut about a week ago, made, it seems, a confession to her jailer, in which she acknowledged most of the crimes with which she was charged. Her case will pass into history among celebrated criminal cases. The substance of her story is as follows:

She was born in Burlington, N. J., in 1824, and was married when about twenty years of age to a religious man, herself professing religion, and they maintained a religious household where daily prayers were offered up. This husband she poisoned because she "thought he would go crazy." She put "arsenic in his gruel." Feeling after this crime that her "circumstances were poor, and that it would be difficult to take care of them," she poisoned her children, Martha and Edward. Then her son George, who was nearing puberty, was poisoned by her for the reason that "he was sickly and subject to the painter's colic, and might prove to be a burden to" her. She rid herself of him by mixing arsenic in his tea. Then she destroyed her little daughter Ann Eliza, because she "supposed if she were dead they could get on better;" besides, "the child had been ill from chills." Next, she went as housekeeper to a Mr. Hurlbut, whom she married. She says that he died a natural death. Then she married Mr. Sherman.

Her next proceeding was to poison "little Franky" by "putting arsenic in his milk;" then she murdered Ada Sherman "with arsenic mixed with tea;" and finally she destroyed Mr. Sherman with the same drug "because he got drunk." This fiend says that she was not educated when a child; that her trade was that of a tailoress. Her life, as she tells it, was somewhat vagrant, spent mostly in New Jersey and New York. She had in turns acted the part of tailoress, nurse and housekeeper. Wherever she lived—up to the period when suspicion fastened on her—she managed to pass for an exemplary servant, wife and mother. The woman evidently was sane—unless we reason in that morbid way which assumes it to be impossible for sanity to coexist with the perpetration of wanton and savage crime. Nor does her case show any marked symptoms of homicidal mania. What she did was done evidently on just such reflection as she confesses induced her to commit these dreadful and treacherous murders—viz., a desire to be relieved of care, responsibility and annoyance. Religious mania does not exist in her case; she was not the victim of any delusion, in other words. Her nature seems to be simply heartless, conscienceless, inhuman, combined with that consummate craft, which, for so many years, and amid such suspicious circumstances so frequently surrounding her married life, enabled her to blind the eyes of her neighbors and to baffle the ingenuity of medical men.

Of course, this woman is a monster; and as such we cannot apply the ordinary reasoning to her case which might philosophically apply to one of another mold under like conditions. We might say that she is influenced by religious traditions or awed by the terrors of Divine law, and that something like conscience lives in her, or that she would not have made this confession, and then thrown, as she phrases it, her "burden on Christ." But her over-towering hypocrisy mars this theory. Her animating principle in these crimes was simply

beastly selfishness. Her purposes were as quiet in their development, as persistent in their execution, and as suddenly marked by results, as is the hunt of the tiger and its spring, or the silent trot of the tireless bloodhound.

But there is a lesson in the case of this woman which applies first to those who sell poisonous drugs without great caution and observation of the circumstances and the persons connected with their sale. Unless sold on the faith of a prescription from a recognized physician, or to such parties as are known, or can make themselves in some way known, to the vendor, deadly substances of this kind should not be sold at all. Next, we see in this case the folly—where circumstances conclusively point to the fact of a homicide by poison—of making false issues before juries, until the crime is lost sight of among the learned and bewildering lumber that physicians and chemists throw into cases, where it is evident to all the world of Common-sense that foul means have produced death, and that the accused is connected closely with the steps which end in the death of a victim.

And finally and chiefly should cases like this teach that the law cannot justly respect persons. It is simply monstrous to distinguish between the sexes in criminal matters. Guilt is the same when acted by woman or man. The law which applies to both is the same law. The punishment should be the same. How often do we read of, and—of late—how often do we see about us, murders committed by females, which follow each other like an epidemic? Of all people in the world Americans are the most mawkish in the matter of "hanging a clever or pretty woman," as if such execution, under any circumstances, were a reproach to civilization! Alas, how much crime has been fostered in this way!

The only white women whom we remember to have been executed in this country, were the famous Mrs. Surratt, and the parties described in the annexed paragraphs, which we extract from "Mrs. Swishelm's Note Book," by which it will be seen that silks, feathers, jewels and smartness have prevailed to help guilt, in the same class of cases wherein poverty and ignorance fell helpless:

"The first white person executed in Minnesota was a woman. As an illustration of her class of intellect, it was told that when she went to the Territory she took with her from Central Illinois a bucket of butter, kept it in her state-room on a first-class boat, and carried it in her hand to a first-class hotel (the Merchants'), keeping it by her side in the parlor and her bedroom, while leaving her other baggage to be handled by porters. She had heard that butter was scarce in that part of the country, and had brought her supply. This and her general appearance and behavior led to the belief that she was a person of weak mind. She married a man who treated her cruelly and died with symptoms of poison. A chemist thought he found arsenic in the stomach, and a druggist had sold her some of that drug 'to poison rats.' There was no attempt to dispute the chemical tests. The ugly woman was hanged by the neck until she was dead.

"A poor German woman was executed near Philadelphia about five years ago, and her confession, in broken English, was one of the saddest things I ever read. 'Her man had 'peat' her, peat her so much, made her work in the field when she was so sick and so tired. She was so tired, she gave her man stuff. She sorry she kill her man; but she no know what to do, she so tired.'

"Mrs. Grider, who was executed at Pittsburgh some eight years ago, had studied the art of poisoning to the neglect of that of pleasing. She was not charming, and such charms as she had were reserved for her husband."

JAPAN ON THE RAMPAGE.

THIS wonderful country is pushing reform with such speed as to illustrate that

"Zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel."

Our readers have not forgotten that not long ago we advised them of all the remarkable advances of this Empire in modern improvements up to the date at which we then wrote. Now we perceive that these people are about to dress themselves in a modern style, for they have begun this innovation with an edict, which excuses the male subject from shaving his poll, though—to avoid running too fast—he is required to preserve still the traditional topknot. This is the wedge to introduce "Broadway styles" into Japan! So, too, the actors and wrestlers—a band of professionals which fairly swarm in Japan—are warned by the Mikado (who, by-the-way, is a mere boy in years) that they can pursue their professions only three years longer, after which time they must follow some more useful and honorable employment. This language to actors is the stern old talk of England, when she legislated them "vagabonds."

But most remarkable of all, in illustration of this revolutionary spirit almost run mad, is the letter from Mr. Mori, the Japanese Minister at Washington, to Professor Whitney, of Yale College, in fact, proposing to turn the Japanese language out of their country, and to adopt a kind of reconstructed English, in which the spelling of the words shall be phonetic, and all the verbs and participles made regular; so that, for instance, the past participle of the verb to see shall be *seed*; *think*, *thinked*; *bite*, *bited*, and so on. Much as we commend this zeal on the part of Mr. Mori, which would make forty millions of people learn a new language—aside from the many

difficulties in its path, founded on social usages and traditions—we see the apparently insurmountable one which history reveals on this point. For example, the English would not learn French under William and his successors, the Poles will not acquire Russian, the Magyars will not study German. Such, however, is perhaps the effect of national hatred; and this proposition of Mr. Mori to annex our language is a labor of love. No. Things like this are the work of centuries. It is now nearly two hundred years ago since Peter the Great determined to transform his empire into a European civilized power, and that work is not fully completed. But, then, we have the telegraph and railroads now!

But, success to Japan. Better that she aim high, because she will then be less apt to hit a low mark. She has American lawyers, financiers, agriculturists, schoolteachers, engineers, and the like, to introduce fast modes and true progress on her soil. Improvements such as railroads are a catholic language, more potential than reconstructed English. Once fairly trained in the Yankee traces, and working for gold, the Japanese will learn our language quite fast enough for all practical purposes.

We have received a note from Dr. R. L. Parsons, Resident Physician at the Blackwell's Island Lunatic Asylum, in which he takes exception to certain remarks concerning himself in the articles which have appeared in this paper upon the management of our City Asylums for the Insane. He contradicts the statement of our contributor, that "he seldom visits the wards," and assures us that he visits all the patients regularly twice a week, besides such extra visits as circumstances may require. He also denies that his patients receive no medical treatment, and draws a comparison between the death-rate in his Asylum and that in the Ward's Island Institution, greatly to the advantage of the former. While great abuses undoubtedly exist in this department of our public charities, yet we are inclined to believe that they are rather to be ascribed to the system, which savors strongly of political jobs and rings, than to any one individual, especially the Resident Physician, who has no power to select his subordinates, and who in the case of Dr. Parsons is a physician of much repute and experience in his specialty.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. X.

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

THE death of Napoleon III. leads me naturally to reflect on his great reputed uncle, who was never more great, in unquestioned usefulness, than he was at St. Helena, where he gave to the world the thoughts of his wonderful mind; where he related his most varied experiences; where he exposed the motives which had influenced him in all his conduct; where he criticised men and nations on a grand scale, civil and military, and especially the actors who had surrounded him in his almost miraculous career, then closed. And there—as it were behind the curtain which had fallen on the grandest performance, as I think, in all history, and in which he was the meteor star—he poured out, almost daily, a stream of philosophical and statesman-like thoughts. And in these utterances he was as well the eminent publicist and politician, as he was the philosopher, statesman and critic. He does not know Napoleon I. who has not read the invaluable record kept by Las Cases of the conversations at St. Helena of this really illustrious man. Master of every living subject, greater if possible as a civilian than as a soldier, magnetic in his conversations as he was in his brilliant marches, he rises up now in history like a Seer. It was he who prophesied at St. Helena the unification of Germany and Italy. It was he who saw Russia crawling through the East, and perhaps provoking a shock of arms with England, which might shake all Europe.

But my point is to call attention to the application of some of Napoleon's remarks thus made (in 1816) to the condition of our own country at this time. He is speaking, at the point from which I quote him, about the French Revolution—an all revolutions. He says, "Revolutions, even with their horrors, are the cause, after all, of regeneration in morals, as the noblest vegetation springs from the filthiest manure." He remarks, "though a Revolution come at full sail, though there arise with it the temptations and allurements of intrigue, and the suggestions of venality, still Public Morality belongs to the domain of Reason and Information, which cannot retrograde."

But, for my important point, let me quote Napoleon's exact words. "Immorality," he says, "is the worst fault in Rulers, because it introduces it as a vice among the people. It strengthens every vice, it blights every virtue, and infects society like a pestilence. In short, it is a nation's scourge." Here, in a few words, we have digested the history of this country—its history in Washington; its history as written by all the corrupt Rings, State as well as Federal; as written in Wall Street, in Syndicates, in the voices of such corporations as gave birth to the Crédit Mobilier; in fact, in a business condition generally demoralized during the past four years—dating from the unhappy moment when an inexperienced soldier fell into the hands of designing tempters, who presented him with costly gifts and money. Surrounded by the Mortons and Camerons and Murphys of

political and social life, and (temporarily, only as I hope) led astray by such, the example of General Grant's Administration is seen reflected in Louisiana by Casey; in Pennsylvania, by the last October outrage on the ballot by the Hartman Ring; and in New York by the final excesses of Tweed, who, grown bolder from the contagion of the general corruption, advanced from infamy to infamy until he fell.

Two notorious facts now before Congress illustrate this spread of immorality from a Government centre. The first is the Kansas case, where the evidence before the Committee proves that Senator Caldwell bought up the Kansas Legislature to secure his election, at an average price of one thousand dollars for each member who voted for him. And nobody doubts but that Mr. Cameron did the same thing in Pennsylvania. The next is the Crédit Mobilier case, where, to say the very least of it, it is manifest that members of Congress, directly and indirectly, received a profitable stock at one-third or quarter of its value, with the privilege of having their money back, with ten per cent. interest, if they did not like the investment. To these startling Federal symptoms of rottenness add those which prevail in all the States, such as Gas Rings, Railroad Rings, Water Commissioners' Rings, Street Department Rings, Public Building Rings, and above and beyond all in danger and power, the Police Rings.

The Emperor proceeds with his theme, and adds: "On the contrary, Public Morality is the natural complement of the laws. It is a whole code in itself." And here we have epitomized our public condition from the days of Washington down to the close of the Administration of John Q. Adams—a decade when the fastidious purity of the Incumbents of the Presidential Chair in itself secured an honest Public Service. And in this Napoleonic utterance we have epitomized also the vital principle which animates the Liberal Republican Reform Party.

The Emperor spoke, likewise, of "the transition period," after a revolution, in which the monsters of Anarchy are born. And here he refers to the "American experiment" as destined to solve the problem as to whether that political system can be safe and progressive which rests for support and stability wholly on the ballot. In other words, whether demagogues and corruptionists are more dangerous to liberty than are kings and emperors?

Let us hope! If, as Napoleon says, "the domain of Reason and Information cannot retrograde," then, indeed, has the precious blood which sank in the earth during our civil war, after all, "brought forth a regeneration in morals." That war, which in one sense was a revolution—for it was fought for Ideas—was crowned with blessings. It prostrated Slavery and Secession. It gave birth to universal Freedom, and it sustained the Union. Can we bear the shock of the "transition period" of which Napoleon spoke? It remains to be seen whether or not we live under the "dominion of Reason and Information," or whether these have "retrograded" and left their sceptre to be henceforth wielded by a Consolidated Federal Power! Our Constitution withstood a deadly civil war. Can it outlive the demagogues and sharks which the waves of that war cast up into power? It is this question which the fate of the Liberal Republican Reform Party will settle.

JUNIUS.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—The condition of the Louisiana case in the House indicates that that body feign, at any rate, to be reluctant to assume jurisdiction. The only authority which they pretend over the status is that which clothes Congress with power to secure to each State a Republican form of Government, and under this clause it has been suggested to annul both the Louisiana Governments, and set up a Provisional one. Pinchback seems to have broken the Kelloggite slate, and secured to himself the prize of United States Senator. If so, then the "engineer" has been hoist by his own "petard." The Treasury Department has prepared a set of regulations for the Life-saving Service, to be organized in three districts, which shall cover Cape Cod and Narragansett Bay, from the Rhode Island shore to Long Island and the New Jersey coast.—The Tax and Tariff Bills seem to be postponed for the long session.

—The Senate Finance Committee are preparing a Bill, under the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury, which fixes the limit of the Circulating Medium at \$388,000,000, but providing for the issue of \$19,000,000 to be held in reserve for an extraordinary contingency. We are glad to hear it said that a majority of the Committee are opposed to this Federal assumption. Cavalry are ordered to several points on the Rio Grande, in accordance with the wishes of the Commission raised to inquire into the depredations of Mexicans on the Texas border.—The Secretary of the Interior, in response to a demand of the House, seems to admit that the Teton Sioux Indians, about whom so much has been said, have only a mythical existence; the proper name of the disputed tribe is Titwans, who live entirely beyond the Mississippi, or that and the Teton Rivers. They number about 6,000.—It is proposed to raise a national equestrian statue to General George H. Thomas in the city of Washington, in one of the public squares.—The good news has been received in Washington that a band of those murderers, the Apache Indians, was utterly destroyed on the 13th inst. by the companies of the 5th Cavalry.—It is confidently stated in some leading diplomatic circles that Bismarck's resignation means that he is checked and defeated. It is represented that the Imperial peo-

ple have taken fright at Bismarck's war on the Catholics, and affront at his dictations to the Prussian Cabinet, and that the Court, the Empress, the Crown Princess, the Ministers, and all the monarch's old friends are against him; and that when Bismarck sent in his resignation, it was under the belief that the Emperor would not dare to accept it. They say that the wily Bismarck is trying to play Richelieu over again.—What the reporters call the Land Grab Bill is now before the Senate. It styles itself "A Bill for the Benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors who fought for the Union," and proposes to give away to them 320,000,000 acres of the public land. The whole recorded number of those who enlisted for 30 days or more is 12,697,578. Petitions for the enactment of this measure fairly flooded the Senate. It is hotly opposed as a scheme of speculation. We have not sufficiently considered the provisions of the Bill to form an intelligent opinion about it. It will be time enough to study its details if it is likely to become a law.—The Senate Finance Committee rebuke the assumed power of the Secretary of the Treasury to release the \$44,000,000 now in the Treasury. They insist on restricting the maximum of legal tender notes to \$350,000,000.—The decision of the Postmaster General that mail-matter not fully prepaid at the office of mailing shall pay double postage, even though one mail rate is prepaid, has been adjudged to be a wrong construction of the law by the unanimous vote of the House Committee on Post Offices.—Assurances are received in Washington that the Spanish Cortes, which assembled at Madrid on the 15th inst. (January), have appointed a special committee of abolitionists on the Bill for the abolishment of slavery in Porto Rico.—Another evidence of the national drift toward Consolidation is seen now before the Committee on Commerce, which proposes to create a Commission of three persons, to examine the question of railway fares and freights, with a view to their equalization by Congress under that clause of the Constitution which gives it power to regulate commerce between the States.—Senator Sherman's Bill to prepare for a resumption of specie payments resolves itself simply into this: That on and after January 1st, 1874, the United States will redeem its notes either with coin or—at the option of the Secretary—with its five per cent. coin bonds.—The strange story telegraphed from Madrid, to the effect that the Spanish Council deny that communications have passed between this country and Spain on the subject of slavery—that "no note had been received from Secretary Fish on this subject" etc.—is exciting grave attention in diplomatic circles. Dates of January 20th bring a dispatch from Mr. Sickles, which concedes that Spain is now compelled to pledge the revenues of Cuba to continue a struggle intended to perpetuate the slavery of the greater part of the colored inhabitants, and to oppress the rest, and this after a four years' war with Cuba.—The Santo Domingo Land Company, whose project we explained in our last issue, is finally perfected. It is much discussed in Washington, and the President is said to be delighted with it. The Presidential people declare this fact to be the fact of annexation. The value of this land job, however, is said to be far below what the public has been made to believe on the subject. Santo Domingo, they say, has scarcely any trade, nor the elements of it; it does not command any position for the trade of and with the Antilles and South America; it lies on the outer verge of the whole group, and is not properly in the track of commerce; nor have coal, or gold, or silver, or copper been found, where it would pay to work for them. The scheme of the company, therefore, is voted as visionary by those "inside."—Our artist to-day tells the story of the Crédit Mobilier, as it progresses. The Crédit Mobilier Committee No. 2, of which Mr. Wilson is Chairman, has already disclosed the additional facts of \$10,000 paid out of the concern for Senator Harlan's election, over \$40,000 for the Lobby and Counsel fees, among the latter prominent members and ex-members of Congress, and \$3,000,000 for the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier.—The House Committee on Post-offices have decided (January 17th) to reduce the rate of letter postage to two cents per half ounce.—Senator Morton's craft is fully shown in his late speech, in which he advocates one of the substantial reforms of the Liberal Republicans, viz., the election of the President directly by the people. The cunning Indiana Senator sees the handwriting on the wall, and hastens to shift his ground. He is rather late, however, to take a lead with the Reformers.—General Grant has done an admirable thing for Civil Service Reform by issuing an Order, of date the 17th inst., which forbids persons holding Federal positions from accepting State or Territorial offices.—The Postmaster-General has made arrangements with the Civil Service Bureau of the War Department to transmit to all post-offices, that can be reached from the several points of distribution daily by mail, the weather reports issued by the Signal Service Office.

The death of Bulwer (Lord Lytton) will be deplored by the world of Letters. He expired in London, January 18th, aged sixty-seven. His novels are "Falkland," "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "The Siege of Grenada," "Godolphin," "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," "Calderton," "Night and Morning," "Day and Night," "The Last of the Barons," "Zanoni," "Harold," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Lucretia," "What Will He Do with It?" and "A Strange Story." His Poems are, "Sculpture," "Weeds and Wild Flowers," "The Siamese Twins," "Era," "Translations from Schiller," "The New Timon," "King Arthur." His plays are, "The Duchess de la Vallière," "The Sea Captain," "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," "Cromwell," "Money," "Not so Bad as We Seem," and one, a failure, though acted by Macready, whose title we forget. It is out of print, we think. Among his political and historical works the prominent are, "England and the English," "The Crisis," "Athens," "Letters to John Bull, Esq.," and "Caxtoniana." Bulwer entered Parliament in 1831 as a Reformer. He was out of that body from 1841 to 1852, when he returned as a Derby Conservative. Originally a Whig, he wound up a Tory. In 1858 he was a member of the Derby Cabinet. He was at one time editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*. Lord Bulwer married in 1827, and was separated from his wife. His son, now forty years of age, known as "Owen Meredith," the poet, succeeds to his titles and estate. We receive this sad news just as we go to press. We reserve the life of Bulwer for future comment. He charmed the world for forty years with his novels, and was the last survivor of that coterie of English novelists of the nineteenth century whom Scott, Thackeray and Dickens preceded to the grave.

The discord which exists between the present coinages of the world is exciting much

attention, as well in our Congress as elsewhere in business circles—the problem being to reconcile this difference by such international means as shall satisfy the civilized world, so to unify and assimilate the systems of gold and silver coinage, as to secure a common unit for each of those metals. This subject has been before Europe and America for about fifteen years past, but no real progress has been made. The differences in weight and value between the principal gold coins of the various nations is now maintained as follows: The half-eagle of the United States, value 500 cents; British sovereign, 486 cents; twenty-five francs of France and the affiliated nations, 482 cents. This interesting subject, we are glad to see, is now engaging the attention of our National Senate, that of the National Board of Trade, and of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

DREADFUL it is to note from such statistics that in the year 1870 nearly 3,000 illegitimate children were born in this city, of whom 90 per cent. died of neglect, opium and disease! The New York Infant Asylum are convinced, from long study and observation, that a vast majority of the mothers are, at heart, virtuous women, young, ignorant, friendless, simple-hearted, driven sometimes, for want of aid, to infanticide and suicide. Cannot our "Christian Associations" do something practical to help this misery?

We are all concerned in the matter of transit in New York; and hence to all the following figures will be interesting. During ten years our city travel—from 1860 to 1870—has increased 300 per cent., and the increase is going on at an accelerated rate, sending our roosters (as they are called in New Jersey) over all adjacent parts to sleep, and return to our Commonwealth for business. This rate of increase—which we base on the annual reports of the State Engineer—will give us a passenger circulation in 1875 (it is nearly 400,000 daily now) of 206,194,947, or nearly 600,000 per day; and, in 1880, of over 1,000,000 per day. We are glad to hear from Mr. Buckhout, engineer of the Fourth Avenue Improvement, that, by the 1st of January, 1875, Mr. Vanderbilt will complete a railroad adequate to the daily transportation of 400,000 passengers, about which the only reported detail seems to be, that the distance from the City Hall to the Grand Central Depot will be made in twelve minutes.

The New York Legislature are fairly at work. All we now see of note is, that Bills have been introduced into the Senate giving power to Juries to find a verdict for murder in the second degree on an indictment for murder in the first degree. The House Committee, with the Senate Committee on Cities, are meeting to hear arguments on the various new charters proposed for this metropolis.

Are railroads pushed too fast? It is estimated that the cost of the sixty thousand miles of standard gauge roads in this country has been at least \$3,000,000,000, while not less than \$1,500,000,000 has been borrowed, much of it from foreign capitalists. The entire resources of these roads have thus been taxed to the utmost to meet the interest averaging more than seven per cent. while stockholders have received either comparatively small, or no dividends at all, and an injurious drain of specie to Europe has so been created.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ALL the Parisian play-houses will soon be furnished with smoking-rooms.

OLE BULL and troupe were in Nashville, Tenn., on January 15th and 16th.

RUBINSTEIN gave a *matinée d'adieu* at Steinway Hall, Monday, January 13th.

THE Strakosch Concert Troupe were in Springfield, Mass., on January 23d.

RUBINSTEIN and WIENIAWSKI were in Pittsburgh, Pa., from January 10th to 18th.

JOE JEFFERSON has started on a Southern tour under the management of Mr. Ford.

THE entire amount granted by the city of Paris to the play-houses is 1,655,000 francs.

MRS. CHANFRAU appears at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on February 3d.

On January 20th, the "Catastrophe of the Ganges" was produced at the Grand Opera House.

FRANK CHANFRAU closed a brilliant engagement at the Providence (R. I.) Opera House on January 11th.

THE Theatre Royal, at Dublin, has been purchased by its lessee, Mr. John Harris—for 22 years a manager in that city.

THE Fifth Avenue Theatre Company opened at Mrs. Conway's Park Theatre, Brooklyn, for one week from January 13th.

BEN DE BAR is playing as *Rulstaf*, a week's engagement with Robert McQuade, at Vicksburg, Miss., beginning January 20th.

MRS. BOWERS and MCCOLLUM played in "The Lady of Lyons," "Leah," and other pieces, at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis.

MISS NEILSON is playing a two week's engagement in Philadelphia, at the Walnut Street Theatre, commencing January 13th.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" has been revived at the Princess's Theatre, London, with Mr. Benjamin Webster as *Sir Peter Teasle*.

FOR the first time in six years, on Monday, January 20th, Mr. Booth played *Brutus*, in Payne's tragedy of "Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin," at his own theatre.

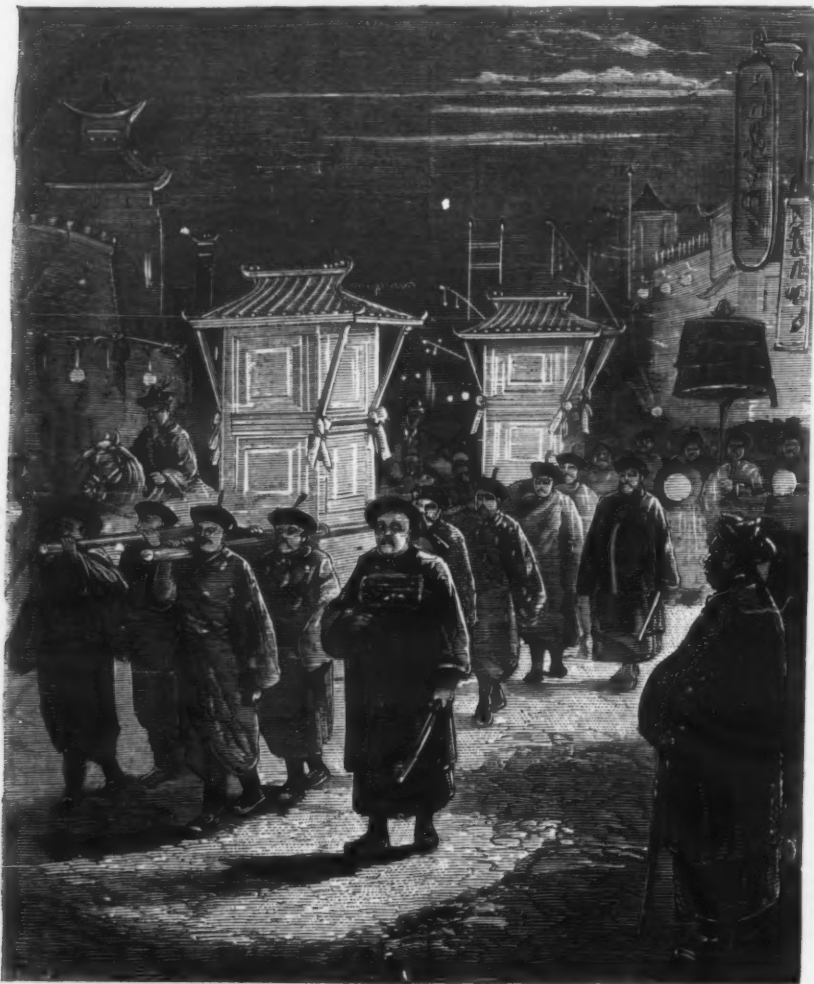
IN New Orleans, Lawrence Barrett was playing, week before last, in a round of tragedy and standard plays at the Varieties. George L. Fox was playing in "Humpty Dumpty" at the St. Charles Theatre.

IN Boston, the Lucca-Kellogg Italian Opera Company are meeting with considerable success at the Boston Theatre. Mr. W. J. Florence appeared at the Globe as *Bob Brierly*, succeeding Miss Carlotta Leclercq.

THE Theatre-Français and the Odeon, Paris, celebrated the 28th anniversary of the birth of Racine, by the performance of "Britannicus" and the "Plaideurs," at the former, and "Phédre" at the latter place.

THE new English Opera Company, of which Mr. S. Behrins is the musical director, gave performances at the Academy of Music, Chicago, throughout last week, with fair success. In the same city, Miss Cushman continued to play at McVicker's Theatre, appearing on Friday evening in both tragedy and comedy.

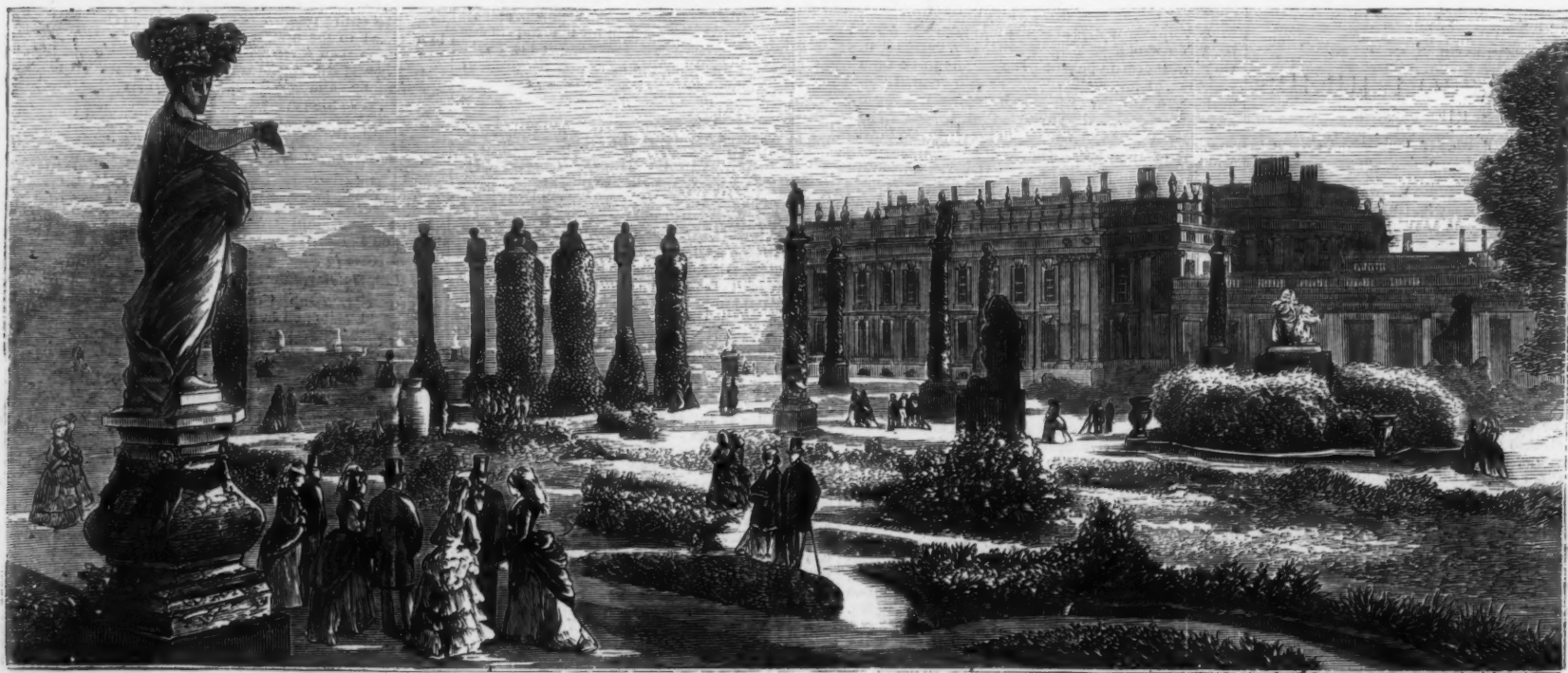
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 33.



CHINA.—THE IMPERIAL WEDDING—THE TABLETS WITH THE TITLES OF THE BRIDE.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT CHATSWORTH—THE ORANGERY ILLUMINATED.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT CHATSWORTH—THE FRENCH GARDEN.



ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF PRIZES BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT DERBY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



CHINA.—A WEDDING CEREMONY AMONG THE CHINESE.



NEW JERSEY.—THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.—LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE Revenue Marine, to which the Life-Saving Service is properly allied, has, from time to time, conferred signal benefits upon humanity, in rescuing life and property from destruction by shipwreck. It consists, at present, of 27 steam-vessels and 8 sailing-vessels, cruising as follows: The *Mosswood*, propeller, 140 tons, between the St. Croix River and Mount Desert Island, Me.; the *J. C. Dobbin*, schooner, 174 tons, from Mount Desert to Rockland; the *Hugh McCulloch*, sidewheel steamer, 530 tons, from Rockland to Portsmouth, N. H.; the *Mahoning*, propeller, 375 tons, from Portsmouth to Holmes's Hole; the *Moccasin*, propeller, 196 tons, from Holmes's Hole, round Block Island to Stonington; the

Active, schooner, 120 tons, over Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound; the *James Campbell*, schooner, 140 tons, from Block Island to Montauk Point and New Haven; the *Northerner*, sidewheel steamer, 320 tons, in the inland waters of the collection district of New York; the *Vigilant*, schooner, 240 tons, in Delaware River and Delaware Bay; the *Bronx*, sidewheel steamer, 220 tons, in waters of Chesapeake Bay; the *E. A. Stevens*, propeller, 131 tons, Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds; the *William H. Neward*, sidewheel steamer, 240 tons, from Beaufort, N. C., to Georgetown, S. C.; the *Racer*, schooner, 120 tons, from Georgetown to St. Helena Sound; the *Nansemond*, sidewheel steamer, 340 tons, from St. Helena Sound to Brunswick, and, at times, as far as Fernandina; the *Rescue*, schooner, 120 tons, from Brunswick to Jacksonville; the *Resolute*, schooner, 121

tons, from Cape Florida around the Dry Tortugas to Cedar Keys; the *Petrel*, schooner, 120 tons, from Cedar Keys to St. Andrews; the *Delaware*, sidewheel steamer, 350 tons, from St. Andrews to Biloxi; the *Wilderness*, sidewheel steamer, 350 tons, from Biloxi to Sabine Pass; the *Relief*, schooner, 120 tons, from Sabine Pass to Rio Grande. This disposes of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

On the Pacific we have the *Wayanda*, propeller, 487 tons, cruising on the coast of California; the *Lincoln*, propeller, 550 tons, in the waters of Puget Sound and on the coast of Washington Territory and Oregon; and the *Reliance*, schooner, 240 tons, on the coast of Alaska.

We have on the Lakes the *S. P. Chase*, sidewheel steamer, 500 tons, waters of Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence; the *John Sherman*,

sidewheel steamer, 488 tons, Lake Erie; the *W. P. Fessenden*, sidewheel steamer, 477 tons, from head of Lake Erie to and in Lake Huron; the *A. Johnson*, sidewheel steamer, 500 tons, Lake Michigan.

Besides the vessels already named, the following small steamers have been employed in harbor service: the *Hamilton*, propeller, 80 tons, at Boston; the *Uno* and *Jasmin*, propellers, 111 tons each, at New York; the *James Guthrie*, propeller, 105 tons, Baltimore; the *Search*, steam-launch, 15 tons, at Philadelphia, and the *Discoverer*, steam-launch, 15 tons, at Savannah.

The completion, during the last year, of the *Grant*, propeller, 250 tons, the *Colfax*, sidewheel steamer, 250 tons, and the *Hamilton* and *Gallatin*, propellers, 250 tons each, under the able superintendence of Captains J. H. Merry-



NEW JERSEY.—THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.—THE LIFEBOAT COMING IN OVER THE BREAKERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

man and J. W. White, two of the most capable officers in the service, assisted by Captain Henry P. Hamlin and First Lieutenant T. B. Mullitt, strengthened the Marine materially; while the vessels now in course of construction, and those for which plans and specifications are being prepared, will, it is believed, meet, when built, all the necessities of the service, which is now manned by between eight and nine hundred men and boys, including petty officers, etc., the strength of each crew being as to the tonnage of its vessel. The running expenses of the service for the fiscal year, ended June 30th, 1872, were \$930,249.81, being \$190,776.62 less than those of the previous year. The reports for the first quarter of the present fiscal year indicate great improvement. During the months of July, August, and September alone, 63 vessels in distress were assisted, and 77 lives saved.

It is now proposed to construct a propeller of 250 tons, to be stationed at Portland, Me., to take the place of the *McCulloch*, which is one of the most expensive vessels on the Atlantic coast; also, one of very light draught, about 220 tons, for the Southern coast, to displace one of the sailing-vessels; and yet another, of 250 tons, for the coast of California, together with one small steamer of 50 tons for San Francisco Bay. With the proceeds of sales of some defective vessels it is, in addition, the intention to build another wooden propeller for the Southern coast, to take the place of one of the useless sailing-vessels. All these new vessels are to be of wood, as the appropriations are not intended to cover iron, which is found to be too expensive.

We learn from the last report of S. J. Kimball, the able Chief of the Revenue Marine Bureau, dated November 21st, 1872, that the new vessels already on the stocks are fast approaching completion; and are informed that, "the plans and specifications were prepared with great care by Captains Merryman and White, Consulting Engineer Emery furnishing those of the steam machinery." We hear further, that "their systematic arrangement, clearness, minuteness and completeness of detail, and their general excellence, have attracted the attention of eminent naval constructors, engineers and builders, many of whom have sought copies of them, as have also the representatives of several foreign maritime powers." The above officers, assisted by First Lieutenant W. S. Simmons, Second Lieutenant John Brann, Chief Engineer J. T. Wayson, and Second Assistant Engineer J. Madison Case, are superintending the construction of these vessels. So that we may fairly presume this service is not only about to assume formidable proportions, but in its life-saving aspect to become efficient in a marked degree. It is in this latter relation that we have glanced at it more especially, and as it has been connected by law with the Life-Saving Service, we can readily perceive what strength and efficiency the latter draws from it.

There are nine Life-Saving Stations on Cape Cod and one on Block Island. There are thirty-one on the coast of Long Island, under the superintendence of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, Bridgehampton, N. Y., and forty on the coast of New Jersey, under the superintendence of Mr. W. W. Ware, Cape May City. The average distance between those on the latter two coasts is about three miles. This proximity is most desirable, as it enables adjoining stations to communicate easily with each other through the means of signals, and to keep up a most effective patrol along the whole line of seaboard. Each of these stations is being equipped as rapidly as may be, and will soon be in the most efficient working order. Out of the various articles, great and small, required for each of the new stations on the Jersey and Long Island coasts, the most important and expensive are: One galvanized iron lifeboat, \$1,000; one galvanized iron life-car, say \$300; one cedar surfboat, \$225; one boat-wagon, \$200; one manilla hawser, \$126; one hawling line, \$93; four signal-flags, \$80; and one sixty-foot pole, \$55. In connection with these, however, there are numerous other articles, which, when added to those to be used in the housekeeping department, run up a bill of between two and three thousand dollars.

The recent test of life-saving apparatus in the surf off Sandy Hook was at once thorough and suggestive. The various experiments were carried on in the presence of a large number of persons, including the following experienced gentlemen: J. H. Saville, Chief Clerk, Treasury Department; Rear Admiral Charles S. Boggs, United States Naval Superintendent of the Lighthouse Board; Captain Carlisle P. Patterson, Hydrographic Inspector, United States Coast Survey; Captains Gaskill and Maxon, practical surfmen, of New Jersey; Captain J. W. Merryman, United States Marine; S. J. Kimball, Chief of Revenue Marine Bureau, in charge of all the life-saving stations; Captain McGowan; and Captain John Schellinger, formerly Superintendent of the Stations of Long Island. As may be supposed, the subject, in the hands of such a committee, was treated in a light the most practical and intelligent; and the investigation will doubtless result in the largest benefits to the service.

In our last issue we gave a general view of a life-saving station such as is now in use upon our coast, and also an illustration of the lifeboat attached to it, on its way to the stormy beach, in answer to the signals from a vessel in distress. In our present number we show the launching of the boat by its crew, and its subsequent return through the surf to the shore, with some passengers rescued from the ill-fated ship. Both subjects are admirably conceived and drawn; and, being in a measure incapable of exaggeration, may be regarded as ably and truthfully handled.

The lifeboat most in use now is the galvanized, iron, self-righting and self-bailing one. Its complement of men on the English coast is usually thirteen—a coxswain and his assistant, a be-

This crew take their places while the boat is still on its wagon; and in rough weather are backed, bow first, into the surf, and while the oarsmen are keeping stroke, so that they may all catch the water together. The danger and difficulty at this point are often very great; but generally the brave fellows who have committed themselves to it manage to struggle through the dread white billows that break in thunder upon the shore, and reach their perilous destination. Sometimes, however, the sea is such that no boat can live in it for a moment, and then other means of communicating with a ship in sore straits, to be explained in a future illustrated article, have to be resorted to. When the lifeboat can be used, it is always selected in preference to any other mode of approaching a ship; and here our engraving informs us that it has now done good work; for we perceive it returning to the beach with several persons whose lives had been jeopardized, and who are soon to rest securely in the warm station, where all their pressing necessities will be ministered to, while the fearless boatmen make yet another journey to the laboring ship.

THE HAUNTED SCHOOLHOUSE AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

AGAINST natural doubts in relation to supernatural appearances, etc., there is accumulating a mass of curious testimony; and there has recently occurred in Newburyport, in the northeastern part of Massachusetts, a series of manifestations which seem to add something to the weight of evidence. These manifestations take place in a schoolhouse. The building is of the "district" type, being one story in elevation, with an ordinary shingled pitch roof. It has four windows of common size, fitted with green blinds on either side, and the entrance-door, at the end, opening upon the street. The house is surrounded by

are real sounds imitated, that all who have heard them invariably recognize them. It is not infrequent that the volume of blows is so great that the recitations of the scholars are interrupted, and the teacher obliged to await the pleasure of the powers that be before proceeding with her lessons.

The schoolroom is ventilated by means of a circular aperture in the centre of the ceiling, which aperture may be covered and uncovered at will by means of a trap-door, two feet square. This is managed by the teacher, by the use of a cord, which descends into the schoolroom, and which is commonly fastened to a small cleat nailed to the molding of the window-frame, in the centre of the partition. The opening and closing of this ventilator seems to be a matter of special aggravation to the genius of the garret, for the attempts to raise the trap are frequently resisted. On one day in October Miss Perkins pulled the cover up in the usual way, and fastened the cord, as she was accustomed to do, by winding it, sailor-fashion, about the strip of wood. She had hardly done so when the ventilator was slammed violently down and the cord unwound. She again raised the cover, and it was again closed. Determined to circumvent her enemy, she tied a large knot in the cord, and, after drawing it down for the third time, she pressed the knot into the cleft made by the side of the cleat and the swell of the molding. The knot was unconquerable. The cord was violently pulled and stretched in the mysterious efforts to loosen it, but the teacher's device was too effective, and the attempt soon ceased.

Upon the teacher's desk are two bells of different sizes, one of them (the larger) being comparatively new, while the other is an old one. The latter is frequently rung by the unseen hand, while the new one is never touched. Within three weeks the children who were playing "soldier" in the yard were called to school by the ringing of this bell, which they instantly recognized. While they were clamor-

There are two phenomena more impressive than those that have been detailed, and which are as fully attested as the others. One of these is a seeming attack of atmospheric currents upon the building. Several scholars protested at the same time that they were prevented from studying by a rush of air which made their ears sing and their heads ache. The teacher, on investigating the matter, discovered that there was circling rapidly about the room over her head a strong breeze, which was gradually gathering in concentric circles toward the open ventilator, and with a loud, rushing noise.

After it had been apparently swallowed in a vortex, it resumed its activity, but in the reverse order—that is, the wind circled outwardly from the centre, until it reached the limits of the ceiling, when it whirled round and round with great force. All the time there had been no agitation in the air outside; the day was perfectly calm.

Another phenomenon, even more extraordinary than this, consists of the illumination of the entry as if by strong sunlight. The glare is to be seen through the window in the partition by all the scholars while sitting in their seats. It is uniform in its strength, and does not appear to proceed from any one particular point. It is naturally more vivid on stormy days when the sky is overcast, and the appearance a prolonged one, lasting at times for hours. On two or three occasions this spectacle has been varied and heightened by a vivid electric glitter, which shoots from one end of the passage to the other, resembling the action of "chain-lightning."

Up to this point the writer has described manifestations of a character (with one exception) which might possibly be accounted as the results of partially understood, but still natural causes; yet there would still be enough of mystery left to please the most practical.

The one exception referred to is the case in which the cellar-door was drawn back. This act seems very clearly to involve an intelligence plus the force; and it is of such combinations that people hear and read with the strongest protests.

Besides the disturbances already described, it seems that apparitions of various descriptions have tormented the institution, and it is these that have made it famous.

As long ago as the early part of last Spring the pupils of the school began to call the teacher's attention to people who seemed to be standing in the entry. Now and then a child's hand would be raised, and he would point to the window, saying, with unmistakable conviction: "There is a boy out there!" "There is somebody looking in."

These incidents became more and more frequent, but it was a long time before the matter-of-fact mistress permitted herself to be disturbed by the new form of annoyance. She succeeded for a while in calming and persuading her children, on one pretext and another, and she left no means untried to convince herself that what the children beheld were but the reflections of their own figures in the panes, or the practical jokings of some mischievous child. But her efforts in both directions presently came to naught, for the appearances were so vivid and graphic, that even her ingenuity failed to account for them.

The most frequent manifestation was the whitish shape of a child's hand and arm, which seemed to be pressed hard against a lower pane of the window in the partition. The fingers were slender in shape and waxen in color. At other times the whole arm to the shoulder would be exhibited, and with undeniable distinctness. In all cases, the arm was bare and its shape was attenuated. The most terrifying object seen up to the first day of November, was the pale face of a boy, which frequently peered in at the window, and fixed its eyes immovably upon the scholars in their seats.

The appearances became more and more frequent, and there was a corresponding increase of the tumultuous noises and agitations. In the garret there seemed to be a number of men at work hammering, walking about, and now and then dropping their materials and utensils. Sounds of conversation were also clear. There seemed to be three voices—one deep and harsh, another high-pitched, and the third querulous and complaining. On one occasion only was there an intelligible utterance, and this was coupled with a rather forcible expression—"Hang it, where's my hammer?"

The climax of this long series of visitations and troubles was reached on the date previously suggested—the 1st of November. All day long, from early morning till the middle of the afternoon session, the customary disturbances were in full force. By long experience the fears of the boys had become somewhat deadened, and the furious uproar now afforded them rather more amusement than terror. While in the middle of the recitation, a general alarm from the whole school was raised. The face of the boy was again staring in at the window. A lad named Lydston, who was at the head of the class, looked into the entry,



THE HAUNTED SCHOOLHOUSE AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

half an acre of bare gravelly yard, and it is in the midst of a neat and populous neighborhood, about a third of a mile from the principal street of the town.

For the past two years the school has been taught by Miss Lucy A. Perkins, a young lady of exceptional wit and intelligence. She is of a somewhat nervous temperament, but only enough to distinctly relieve her from a charge of apathy. Without being disposed to ascribe what she sees and hears to the influence of malign spirits, she is too keen and sensitive to permit the troubles to take place without strenuous and well-directed attempts to discover the secret.

The previous teachers had experienced annoyances similar in character, but they had all been of lesser force and importance.

Since she first took charge of the little community, the disturbances have steadily increased until they have reached their present semi-tragic character. They began in the usual way; knocks were delivered with more or less frequency on the floor, walls and ceiling, and upon the furniture of the schoolroom. The teacher for many months calmed the fears of her pupils by intimating that the noises were the result of natural causes, but the troubles gradually became so great that the impression went abroad that the schoolhouse was haunted.

The attention of the older people was not generally attracted to the reputed phenomenon until quite recently, and it seemed that as the excitement arose, the trouble and hubbub augmented correspondingly.

The most common disturbance which now agitates the school is a violent pounding, which seems to be upon the floor, walls and ceiling, and which varies in power from the strong to the prodigious. It commences when the school first opens, and on some occasions it continues without intermission for the whole session, two hours and a half. At other times it comes at irregular intervals, beating now a slow and measured, and now a rapid volley of deadened blows in the aisles, wainscotings and closets. At still other times the blows subside into simple sharp knocks, which, like the louder sounds, have a roving disposition. In the garret there seems still another sort of noise of the same class. It seems that something is being continually thrown upon the ceiling of the schoolroom, and this manifestation is interspersed with sounds resembling the driving of nails and the dropping of boards; and so closely

ing at the door of the empty schoolhouse the teacher appeared, coming down the street. It was a quarter before the hour for opening the school, and the incident betrayed the spirit for once in a facetious mood.

A more emphatic exhibition took place one afternoon in the passage, upon which five doors opened. One of these, the street-door, is supplied with an ordinary mortice lock, which was fastened as usual, with the key on the inner side. Another door, the one leading to the cellar, has, besides its latch, a common iron bolt, which, when shut, is very secure. The remaining doors have no locks, mere latches and turn-knobs, which, however, answer the purposes for which they are intended, and are in good repair.

On the day in question Miss Perkins closed one of the doors, which was open, but it immediately flew back again, as did another which had been tightly shut. These were again closed, one after the other, but they at once flew open, together with the remaining three, and all five swung to and fro upon their hinges. Perplexed but not daunted, the teacher attempted again to accomplish her object, but she was similarly defeated. No sooner would she secure one door and hasten to the other, than the first would open again, in spite of her efforts. She then pushed the cellar-door to, with difficulty, and threw the bolt into its place, and at once seized another. But the bolt was pulled sharply back and the door flung open with such violence, that it struck an iron coat-hook and was indented by it.

As these strange doings became known in the community, visitors began to throng the school; and their presence was valuable, for the reason that they were enabled, by their unprejudiced minds, to give a more severe scrutiny to the modes and character of the disturbances. But no solution was offered in any case, and the presence of an unexplainable force was admitted as proved.

On one memorable day, the teacher, annoyed beyond endurance, exclaimed:

"Why do you make such a noise? If you want anything, why don't you ask for it in a proper manner? I am tired out with your behavior!"

Silence instantly ensued, and presently several light knocks were mysteriously delivered upon her desk, as if in token of acquiescence. The school was thus left in quiet for the remainder of the day.



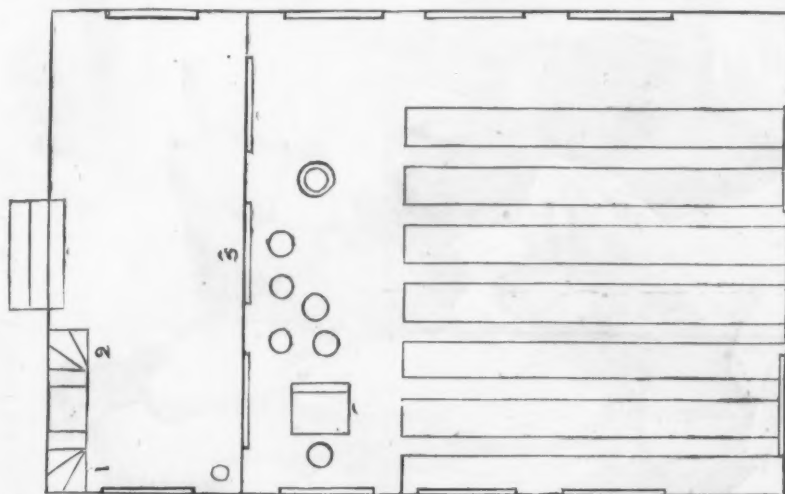
THE GHOSTLY HAND AT THE WINDOW. AND.



THE GHOST AS IT APPEARED TO THE SCHOLARS.

and at once exclaimed: "There is a boy out there!"

Miss Perkins hastened into the passage, and beheld what Lydston had discovered, standing at the further end. She approached it hastily until within six or seven feet, when she became impressed with its true character, or, rather, with the fact that the figure was not substantial. She describes it as representing a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, slender in body and with a pale face. He was dressed in brown clothing, and had his arms partially folded, with his left hand somewhat projected as if to receive something. His face, though pinched, had a pleasant expression. His eyes were blue; his hair was of a yellowish white, such as is common among the fishermen's children in that part of the town, and it was cropped off at the back of the neck and was disarranged upon the top of his head. About the neck was a bandage of considerable width.



1. Where the ghost was seen in the entry. 2. The door leading to the attic. 3. Window where the hand appeared.

PLAN OF THE INTERIOR OF THE HAUNTED SCHOOLHOUSE.

When Miss Perkins discovered that she was encountering something unreal, she faltered, and, being partially overcome, she seized the coat-hooks beside her shoulder for support. At this moment the figure of the boy started from its position in the corner beside the window and advanced toward the door opposite him, which led to the garret-stairs. It opened of itself, and he passed through, followed by Miss Perkins, who attempted in vain to seize him. He advanced up the steep stairs, closely followed by the intrepid girl. Midway up she stumbled over a brush, and when she again raised her eyes, the figure was standing at the top, looking fixedly at her. In this interval it had changed somewhat—its dress, which had apparently been composed of jacket and pantaloons, had given place to a grayish black, which still retained the distinct outline of its form. Miss Perkins hastened on, and the figure retreated. When she got to the landing above, it was but a few feet in advance of her. She ran toward it, but as she did so, it began to lose its shape and to disappear. She made so vigorous a grasp at it, that her finger-nails cut the palms of her hands; but she seized nothing. The figure sank beneath her feet with a tremulous motion, and, with its eyes still fixed upon the fainting teacher, it wholly disappeared.

Her account of this extraordinary incident is circumstantial and intelligible. The boy Lydston is a lad of the speculative and observant type, and his description of the appearance, as well as that of his mates, bear out in every particular the story told by the mistress.

On the succeeding Friday, this vision was again seen, at about the same hour in the afternoon. Miss Perkins followed it with even more resolution than before, but it disappeared from her sight when midway up the stairs. The expression of its features in both cases, though pleasant at first, became sad before they faded away.

Between these two dates Miss Perkins encountered a new terror. Up to the same day in question, the voices which had been heard from time to time in the garret had been, with one exception, muffled and indistinct. This exception I have described. They now manifested themselves in a fresh manner.

One afternoon, when the noises had been unusually loud and the influences especially active, there issued from the teacher's end of the schoolroom a loud and coarse tone, which seemed to echo at the further end, but with a laugh instead of a diminished voice of its own character. This was frequently followed by a similar duet in the garret above, where it was repeated several times. The scholars, astonished at the novel visitation, sat in frightened expectancy. Miss Perkins saw the necessity of allaying their fears, if possible, and she asked which of them would go into the attic to see if some one were hidden there.

One of the largest boys declared himself ready to go, provided the teacher would accompany him. The expedition was then arranged, and the two armed themselves with sticks and proceeded up the stairs. They nearly reached the centre of the garret-floor, when from behind them the laugh again arose, with twice its former significance. It was low, cold and jubilant. The teacher, for the first time in her long experience with all these unnamable terrors, felt a thorough sensation of fear. She pursued the sound, when it was repeated in another quarter, and now and then laid lustily about her with her stick. But as she struck the roof and the chimney, in her efforts to bring down her enemy, the laugh rose higher and higher, until the place was alive with the chilling sounds.

The teacher and the boy, convinced that nothing was to be discovered, and being filled with dread, left the spot; and as they descended the stairs, a perfect triumph of sounds pursued them until they re-entered the schoolroom.

All the accumulated wisdom of the school-committee, the town-officers, and hundreds of foreign visitors, have not abated the phenomena in the smallest degree; and it seems that the history of this schoolhouse must take an undisputed place with that of the celebrated Wesley Parsonage of English renown.

Naturally enough, the Spiritualists have been quick to appropriate these manifestations as proofs of their peculiar principles, and the "circles" have received an extraordinary impulse; but if the troubles serve to bait the scientists into a new examination of kindred circumstances and annoyances—why, then—"an' then we'll give them ear."

Why don't you go up-stairs, and look down?—you can see just as well."

To us the gate is swung open, and we pass by the doors of the cells where the convicted murderers are confined. There are four floors. The cells of the first floor are 10 feet 6 inches in height, and 11 by 5 feet 7 inches in ground measurement. The second, third and fourth floors successively contract in area, the cells on the fourth being 10 feet high, and 7 by 5 feet 5 inches on the floor. Light is admitted through a window about 2 feet long by 5 inches wide, located near the ceiling. To each cell there are two doors; one of iron, and solid, with the exception of a small slide, and the other of heavy wire-work, so fine that nothing larger than a lead-pencil can be thrust through. In some instances this inner door is sheathed with iron, a small portion in the upper corner being cut away to permit easier conversation. The wire netting at this place is much coarser, and several fingers, but not an entire hand, can be protruded. Above each door is a little slate bearing the name of the occupant. No more discriminating appellation could be given this portion of the prison than the one it has held for many years—"Murderers' Row."

Near the entrance, and immediately back of the stove, is cell No. 4. A middle-aged lady in deep mourning and two gentlemen are conversing with the inmate, Edward S. Stokes, convicted of the murder of Colonel James Fisk, Jr. Through the upper corner of the wire door, the thin figure is seen, with head slightly inclined. He is smoking a cigar, and we hear the admonition: "Keep cool, Ed; don't get discouraged; your counsel are working like beavers."

Further along the corridor, we come to cell No. 15, in which Patrick Leavy has been confined since the 12th of October last, on the charge of having killed his wife. Ladies and gentlemen pass on a tour of the corridor. Some pause to chat with one of the unfortunates; others, to decipher the names on the slates, and a few to read again the placard: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

From one side comes the shout, "Jim, Jim." "Hello, Bob; what's up?" is echoed from an opposite cell.

"Guess they won't get at us this week." "Hope they do. D'ye know what Larry got?" "Yes; two years and a half. That ain't much."

"Course not; but he always was lucky."

Completing the tour of this corridor, we pass up-stairs and along the balcony. In No. 39 we find Robert Bleakley, and in the adjoining one John Scannell, committed, November 8th, for the shooting of Thomas Donahue, in a pool-room. William J. Sharkey has occupied cell No. 41 since the 4th of September, having shot "Bob Isaacs" during a quarrel. In 42 is James C. King, who shot Anthony O'Neil, on the 18th of November, after a hearing on a divorce-suit before Judge Sutherland. In the next, with his head bent to catch every word of a friend, is William Foster, who killed Avery D. Putnam with a car-hook, in April, 1871. A second stay of proceedings having been granted, he is awaiting the issue of his case before the Court of Appeals. David Murphy shot David Barry in a drinking-saloon, in April last, and has occupied No. 44 since the 22d of that month. He was sentenced to be hanged by Recorder Hackett, but his counsel obtained from the Supreme Court a writ of error. Cell No. 45 has held three murderers during the past year. On the 8th of April Frederick Heggi was committed, charged with poisoning Frederick J. Siegfried, in 1869. The son of the deceased, fearing foul play, had the remains exhumed and examined, when traces of arsenic were found in the stomach. Heggi was arrested on suspicion of having administered the poison, and brought to trial in September last. Owing to the disagreement of the jury, he was remanded. On the 3d of December James Fitzpatrick, and on the 6th, John Lynn, were committed to this cell to await trial. Passing still further, we come to No. 70, where we read the name of Charles Cardes, committed December 30th; and No. 71, to which John Fitzgibbons was ordered on the same day.

There are fourteen persons altogether confined on charges of murder. Simmons, the policy-dealer, who inflicted thirteen dagger-wounds upon Nicholas W. Duryea, and broke his leg in struggling with his victim, is still under treatment in Bellevue Hospital. The coroner's inquest has not yet been held.

Again we are interrupted by the keepers. "No. 88, you say? That's the way; you'll see the number plain enough. Madame, your ten minutes are up, and you'll have to go. Not another minute; law is law."

At the foot of the stairs a keeper presses against the grated door, and says: "Tickets!" "I've got them somewhere. I put them—well, that's funny. What did I do with them? Hold on a minute."

"You can't come out without 'em, sir."

"I do believe I've lost them."

"Sorry for you, then. You'll have to stay in the prison."

"What! without a legal charge?"

"Yes, sir. Come, hurry up! If you've got 'em, show 'em up."

"I thought I put them in this pocket. Where's Mr. Finley?"

"See here, old fellow, you don't come that dodge. No tickets, no escape. Who did you come to see?"

"Why, all the folks. But I don't see where I put them cards."

"What's that in your hat?"

"Hat? Why, yes; here they are, as sure as you're—"

"Come, come! pass on! You've been here more than ten minutes, by a long shot!"

Three doors had to be passed, and at each the tickets were called for. The outdoor air, though damp and penetrating, was a relief, and we walked into Centre Street, wondering if some one would demand "tickets" at our own sanctum.

NEWS BREVITIES.

ALL gipsies are to be expelled from Italy. The Japanese Embassy is on its way homeward.

The King of Sweden is Admiral in the Danish fleet.

The Chinese Emperor contemplates an internal journey through the Empire.

The Postmaster-General says postmasters are not responsible for registered letters.

KIYO KAWAMURA, a young Japanese, is studying landscape-painting in this country.

An autograph letter from Washington to his stepson's preceptor sold in London for \$125.

The late Edwin Forrest's magnificent library, valued at \$20,000, has been just destroyed by fire.

ARMS and munitions of war in aid of the insurgents have been successfully landed at Cuba.

A NEWSPAPER is published in the diamond district of South Africa at the low price of \$60 a year.

The new census of France shows the population to be 36,102,921, a decrease of 366,935 since 1865.

The religious missions and tract societies of the States are said to disburse annually over \$10,000,000.

The Japanese are considering the propriety of importing camels to replace the cattle swept away by the plague.

The Catholic increase in this country has been much less during the last decade than in the decade previous.

OTTO MUELLER, late Secretary of the King of Hanover, recently died in misery and destitution at San Francisco.

The Senate has passed the Agricultural and Industrial Arts College Bill; also, a Bill amending the National Currency Act.

SENATOR WINELOW gave notice, recently, in the State Senate, that he would soon introduce a Bill abolishing the usury law.

The United States steamer *Hassler* is to be put in commission for a survey of the coast between San Diego and Panama.

A FRENCH chemist, M. Violette, proposes to make rubies, emeralds and other precious stones by fusing aluminum with borax.

The Sultan of Turkey wishes to overthrow the old system of succession to the throne, and elevate his own son when the time comes.

A REVOLUTIONARY plot has been discovered at Arequipa. The would-be revolutionists were arrested and banished from the country.

The cornerstone of the Pioneers' Protestant church in Rome was laid recently, seven American clergymen taking part in the ceremonies.

The ship *Tuscarora*, loaded with cotton and bound from Mobile to Liverpool, foundered off Gibraltar, with the loss of the captain and 10 men.

THE news of Napoleon's death caused no excitement in Corsica. The family mansion of the Bonapartes at Ajaccio is draped in mourning.

INFORMATION has been received that the ship *Chillingham Castle* was wrecked while on a voyage from Shields for Malta, and 20 persons were drowned.

MADAME SCHWIENTZ, the daughter of the American Minister, and recently married to the German Ambassador, will soon be presented at the Austrian Court.

THE new placer gold mines discovered on the Upper Klamath River, are reported as among the richest ever found on the Pacific slope, and are attracting much attention.

THE commercial treaty between France and Great Britain was finally signed by representatives of the two Governments, recently, and now awaits Parliamentary ratifications.

THE King of the Sandwich Islands, just dead, was a great borrower, a great beggar, and was always in debt. During his last days he would eat nothing but shark-meat soup.

THE Korean question is assuming a very serious aspect. The *Japan Gazette* says that war is imminent, despite a statement which was lately published in the *Japan Herald*.

THE Lake Ontario Shore Railroad is progressing rapidly. The route lies along the shore of Lake Ontario, from Oswego to Niagara River. Trains are running 41 miles west of Sudus.

PHOTOGRAPHY as an art has just reached a new dignity. It has got a Professor's chair, and a Professor to fill it. The fortunate man is Dr. Vogel, photographic instructor in the Berlin Royal Industrial College.

SHANGHAI is the stronghold of the Roman Catholics in China. They have a large cathedral there, besides flourishing mission establishments. Their adherents in and around the city are said to number 80,000.

THE astronomers designated by France, Germany, England and Russia to observe, in 1874, the transit of Venus, will meet next month in congress at Paris, in order to determine the exact points of observation.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY CAREY, an English curate, has just been mulcted in \$25,000 damages for breach of marriage contract with Miss Adele Mathilde Amelia Schneider, a music-teacher in Liverpool. She plays, but he pays the piper.

NATIVE merchants have petitioned the Japanese Government for permission to construct railroads and telegraph lines. The petitions were granted. The work is to be done under the supervision of the Public Works Department.

THE progress of Christianity in Madagascar is attracting attention. During the last year the increase in the Christian community was 65,000 persons, including 18,000 church members. In three years the total addition has been about 255,000.

IN Rome, in Milan, and in the East at Bucharest, the obsequies of the late Emperor Napoleon III. were celebrated. The funeral at Chiselhurst was most imposing. A deputation of Paris workmen headed the cortege. Neither Queen Victoria nor the ex-Empress Eugenie was present.

THE steamship *Bris* from New York, November 23d, was lost by fire on the 2d instant, 90 miles north of Pernambuco. The vessel belonged to the United States and Brazil Steamship Company. The disaster occurred 12 miles from shore. Owing to a good supply of boats, no lives were lost.

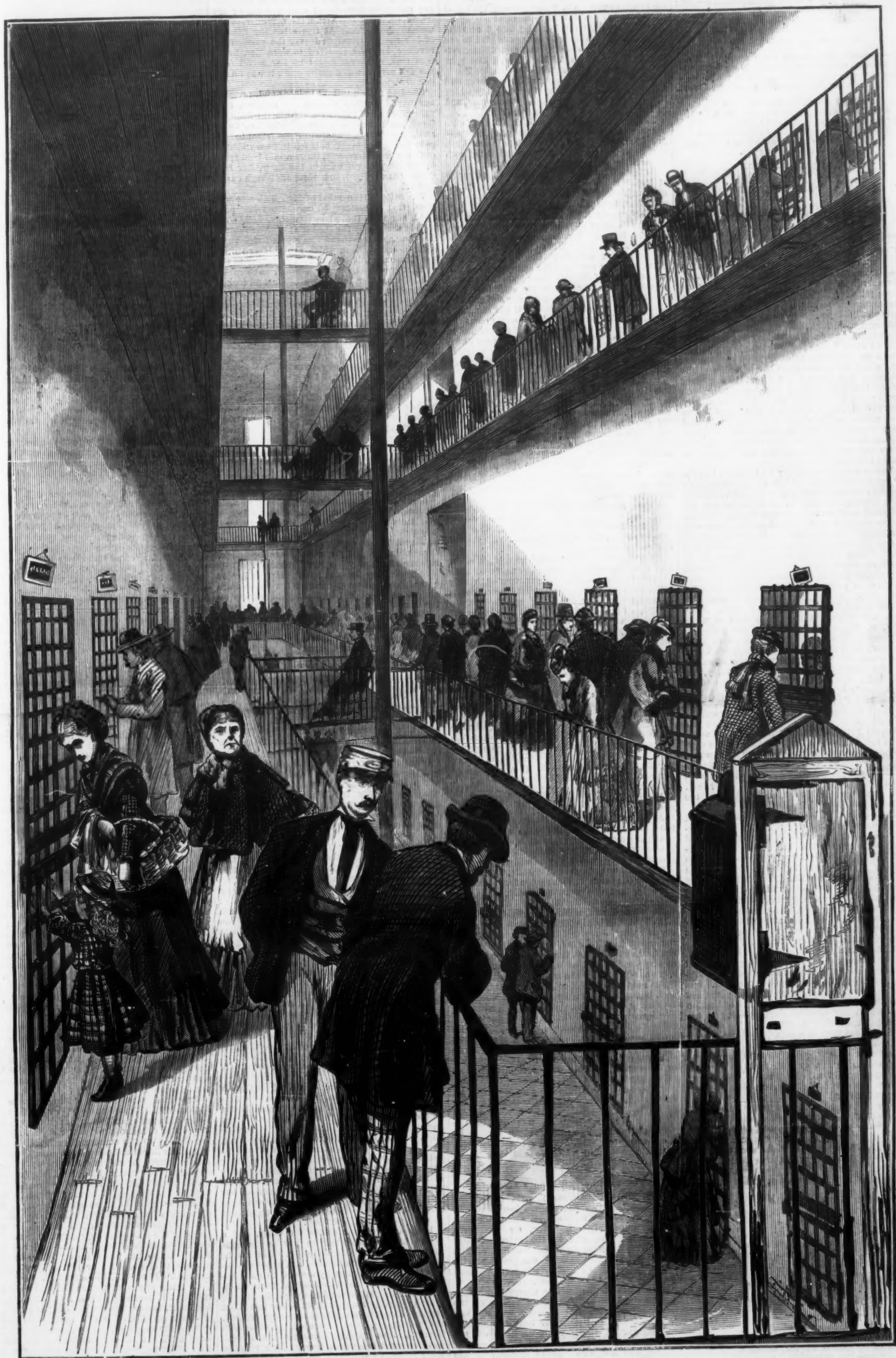
SEÑOR ZORILLA, the President of the Council, in reply to the question of Señor Sala, said he was glad to have the opportunity to make a parliamentary denial of such an assertion, and formally declared that no communications had been exchanged between the Governments of Madrid and Washington on the subject of slavery.



INJURED INNOCENTS.

FIRST BOY—"I didn't touch it, sir; I only smelt it." SECOND BOY—"I just took a little piece, sir, but I put it back again whole." THIRD BOY—"I just had a very small piece, sir; but I found it had a bad smell about it, and I didn't keep it." FOURTH BOY—"I did have a piece, sir; but then I bought it, for a penny, of that other boy, who said it was all right, and that you wouldn't mind it." UNCLE SAM—"Very fine excuses; but still my cake is gone; and look, you rascals, there are crumbs on all your fingers!"

J. Keppler.



NEW YORK CITY.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CITY PRISON ("THE TOMBS") SHOWING "MURDERERS' ROW," AND THE CONDEMNED CELL (NO. 4, ON GROUND FLOOR) IN WHICH STOKES IS CONFINED.—SEE PAGE 335.

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MARY'S DREAM.

THEY parted in tears at the shining bay,
And her heart was sad and her eyes were dim:
And her lover was gone for a year and a day,
And she looked o'er the waves and prayed for him,
And still she heard by the land or the sea
The wail of the moaning sea.

She dreamed that she saw him one stormy night,
When the billows were high and the wind was loud;
The ship was tossing, the waves were white,
And the black hull seemed like a drifting shroud.

The sun shone out on the morrow morn,
And Mary went down to the quiet shore,
To see her lover all white and torn,
And kiss the lips that would speak no more.
And still she hears by the land or the sea
The wail of the moaning sea.

"WRECKED!"

OR,

THE ROSCERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

ON his part, Victor, assisted by that instinct which seems to spring from a deep excitation of the mind, rushed headlong through the narrow alley without falling into any of the little pitfalls which beset the pursuing steps of the notary, and without once pausing in uncertainty of his course. Had any one encountered this man with livid face, glaring eyes and furious mien, they would inevitably have fled before him as chaff before the whirlwind, setting him down as a maniac escaped from his keeper; and when he dashed open the hall-door of the chateau, and paused for an instant glaring round the softly lighted hall, the *portière*, half dozing in his gilded leathern chair, started bolt upright, and transfixed with terror and an awe which had its origin in superstition, gazed with distended eyes at this apparition pale, whose eyes darted fire, and whose black curls were wet with the heavy dew and clung to his pallid forehead.

The drawing-room door was closed, but the sweet tones of a low, girlish voice, singing to a rippling accompaniment like the merry flowing of a mountain-stream, came fluttering into the lofty hall and lost themselves in broken cadences in the shadowy roof. David soothed Saul with his skillful harping, and for one little moment a dim idea of the rashness of his present conduct darted into the mind of Victor, to be furiously thrust out in the succeeding moment.

Stalking past the *portière*, who did not dare to stay his progress, hardly knowing whether the comte or his spectre stood before him, Victor dashed open the heavy door. Some men are heated by rage to a kind of white heat, in which condition they are twice as composed, bland and courteous as in their ordinary style of being, but the luckless Victor had from his earliest infancy been of rather violent tendencies. If he felt merry, he laughed; sentimental, he sighed; and if angry, he stormed. So, where the man in a white heat would have entered the presence of Mam'selle Julie with a gilding step, a smiling bow and a far deadlier ferocity under all this external placidity, the luckless Victor dashed open the door with a force that shook the crystal pendants in the chandelier until they tinkled like a thousand fairy bells heralding his approach, brought the startled Julie with a bound from the piano to the centre of the apartment, and reverberated like thunder through the echoing corridors above.

Julie gave a little scream, clasped her pink palms together, and, urged by joy to run forward and cling herself into his arms, was held back by terror, and as the effect of two contending forces of equal strength is to produce fixity of the object between, she remained motionless under the full glow of the twinkling wax tapers in the chandelier, gazing with startled eyes at the distraught-looking Victor, who, with a tragic air, also stood still, folding his arms and smiling disdainfully but furiously at the bright creature, who resembled a brilliant butterfly about to face a hurricane.

Unfortunately Madame Bouchon had retired, or at this crisis her fondness for Victor and womanly tact might have had considerable influence in subduing the tempest, and Julie was the sole occupant of the apartment. She had frequently heard of the violent fits of passion into which her lover sometimes fell, but her personal knowledge of him had been confined to the golden time of wooing, when roses have no thorns, and sunshine no shade.

Her first experience of his fiery temper was destined to be almost fatal to her happiness. His appearance, so wild and so unexpected, struck her with lively terror, and yet she longed to fly and greet him with the strong joy of her loving nature. She trembled, and the wild-rose flush died from her cheeks; but, finding that he did not speak, pride, that wonderful warrior who keeps the fortress of a woman's heart, forced to her lips formal words of greeting, the coldness of which was denied by the anxiety in her voice, and the tremulous lustre that might change into a tear in her dark-blue eyes.

"Cousin Victor," she said, laying her hand on the high back of a *priedieu* chair as she began to tremble, "I am glad to see you."

She would not so readily have styled him "cousin," but for Genevieve's more than mere hints of his unfaithfulness. Still his ring of brilliants shone like a star on the hand lying like a tiny snow-wreath on the dark chair-back, for, despite the hiss of that fashionable little adder, there was something so honest in the soul of Julie, that it immediately sympathized with the same virtue in the soul of another, and despite her efforts to believe in Victor's desertion of her, her soul secretly rejected the idea in its calmer depths, as the deeps of the ocean remain untroubled by the hurricanes above. Had it not been for this faith in him, which almost unknown to herself pervaded her

being, she could not have for a week remained without drooping, and even now she was paler, graver, less vivid than when first she appeared on these pages. Oh, those jealous eyes that glared on her and saw none of this!

"Oh!" said Victor, bursting into a scornful laugh, "so Mam'selle Soulanges is glad to see her cousin! Heavens! what a rapturous greeting for a lover's ears. Mam'selle, I kiss your white hands as the empress of coquettes!"

The advantage of being at once a lover and a cousin consists in a certain familiarity which it is not unpleasant occasionally to assume, and in a quarrel is particularly agreeable.

The trembling lustre in Julie's starry eyes became fixed and cold. She was intensely proud, and at Victor's arrogant tone the flush that dyed her face, neck and bosom, dried with its heat the moisture ominous of tears.

"Comte La Grange," she said, looking directly at him, "if I were not alone you would hardly use such language toward me. Remember, monsieur, to whom you are speaking."

The haughty little French girl was roused, and the blood of the Soulanges ran like quivering fire through her blue veins. Victor was rude, cruel, unjust. What did he mean by accusing her of coquetry—she who loved him so truly! But certainly she would not tell him so now. And if she had proved unfaithful, was it just that he who, Genevieve said, had been the first to break their mutual vows of fidelity, should turn thus on her? Oh, if the stout and rosy Madame Bouchon had but been present!

Victor, who behaved during the scene in part like the jealous Moor, and in part like a rude boy, appealed to a slumbering Watteau Shepherdess, who smirked on them from a rich and quaint old frame.

"Oh! I am not to use such language toward this Mam'selle Innocence, who thinks to awe me by her cold and haughty demeanor, but I am to say, in a low and formal voice, 'Mam'selle, my cousin, permit me to congratulate you on the noble alliance you are about to form. Oh! by a thousand red devils, I will have his life before morning!'"

"What do you mean?" cried Julie, becoming quite beside herself with terror at his words and furious glances. "Let me pass you. I will leave the room."

Victor flung himself between her and the door, and with a movement of his hand closed it in the face of the notary, who at this moment ran breathless into the hall. He turned the key in the lock.

"I will not be interrupted," he said, in a low and even voice, contrasting strangely with his previous violent tones. "I have been extremely rude, Mam'selle Soulanges, but there are moods in which the soul of a man is driven by a demon. Pardon my words, and forget them."

He paused, and Julie, clasping her hands, made a mute and appealing gesture toward him. She would have spoken, but her heart beat so violently as to deprive her of utterance. Coming closer to her, Victor, in the same even voice, continued:

"I am come this evening to claim from you a ring which I see at this moment on your hand. It is an old family jewel, and has never before decked the hand of a traitress."

At these terrible words, so beyond what mere pride could battle with, poor Julie uttered a low cry, and with snowy face and parted lips gazed at the comte.

"You understand me without more words, I perceive," he said, with concentrated bitterness; and yet, Julie, I have loved you very truly. Oh, if I did not still adore the very dust you tread upon, I would not falter in my farewell!"

At the word, "farewell," uttered in such a tone, Julie shivered, and with a mere mechanical voice slowly repeated it, as one does a word of terrible and fatal import. Victor started as though stung by an adder.

"It is enough!" he cried. "Julie, farewell for ever. Your own lips have confirmed all my fears by that one word so coldly, so frigidly spoken."

He turned and walked rapidly toward the locked door, when, with a low, almost voiceless cry of agony, Julie fell like a snowdrift upon the carpet, as pale as the broad waterlilies scattered over it. At the same moment a door at the further end of the room opened, and Dorion, followed by the notary, rushed in.

His anxious eye fell on Julie's prostrate form, and, immediately divining what had occurred, he sprang to her side, crying out to Victor:

"Jealous fool, see what you have done!"

He had lifted his cousin in his arms as he knelt beside her, and her bright hair flowed over him like a lake of sunlight.

Victor glanced back at him from the threshold of the now open door with a countenance of utter hatred.

"You shall hear from me soon, milord," he called out. "Don't think to escape from me again!"

In another moment he was out in the melancholy moonlight, the cold air beating on his burning forehead, as he paced swiftly away from the house in which he had wrought so much confusion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE BORGIA RING AGAIN.

MRS. BELLEROSE, as Rosetta closed the door, threw herself into a low seat, and gazed up at her with astonishment not altogether unmixed with terror, for the girl's appearance was wild in the extreme. Her eyes were glassy, and the muscles of her throat were tense, as though she breathed with difficulty, and her glance wandered almost fearfully round the apartment.

She found herself at this moment in an intolerable position. The remembrance of the injuries her lover had received, and the fact that the woman before her had assisted the perpetrator of them in his escape from the vengeance of the law, urged her toward a course she felt would prove inimical to the honor of the house of which Lord Rosclerra, Drift's staunch friend and benefactor, was the head, and a feeling of deep gratitude toward

Dorion as forcibly appealed to her forbearance. Yet she found herself in a situation that called not only for that neutral virtue, but required her either to become at once the foe or the friend, or, if not the friend, the defender, of the woman she hated. At this crisis the nobility of her nature triumphed over the passion for revenge, and she resolved to warn Mrs. Belle-rose that, whatever might be her secret (and she felt sure it was a guilty one), it was on the eve of detection.

She had not an instant to lose; and, pressing her hands forcibly against her temples, in a vain effort to still the hammer-like throbbing of them, she sank into a seat opposite Mrs. Belle-rose, as her trembling limbs quite failed to support her. Her black hair fell in heavy masses over her shoulders, and, thrown into bold relief by the ruby velvet back of the chair, her face shone out as rigid and white as though cut in marble.

The state of the mind of Mrs. Belle-rose was such, that a shadow falling across her path filled her with the wildest terrors, and, completely shaken by the incidents of the evening, the atmosphere around her seemed to turn to a death-like chill, in which she shivered until the diamonds in her hair flashed fitfully in the light of the fire by which she sat. She raised herself from her indolent attitude and looked at Rosetta, who returned her gaze earnestly.

Having stilled her nervous trembling, she quickly rose, and, approaching Mrs. Belle-rose, stood before her. She depended on her first words to show her whether the secret between those people and the earl's mother was one of sorrow or guilt, though her quick perceptions had already convinced her that it partook of the nature of the latter; yet not by the faintest gossamer thread of evidence could she guess at the sort of the mysterious tie between the high-born woman and the degraded and unscrupulous Tregars. She leant forward and laid her cold hand on the bare arm of Mrs. Belle-rose, the ivory white of which had given place to a pale bluish tint, like the flesh of one in an ague-fit.

"Mrs. Belle-rose," she said, in a low tone, hardly rising above a whisper, "I have seen 'Fram Tregar to-night.'"

There are some shocks so paralyzing in their nature as to produce, as an instant effect, a numbness which only wakens after an interval into pain. Mrs. Belle-rose gazed half vacantly at the white face bent so close to hers, and, as though only vaguely conscious of her words, repeated them slowly and wonderingly.

Dreading any delay in putting Mrs. Belle-rose on her guard, Rosetta repeated her words more emphatically, slightly tightening her grasp on the death-like arm.

The consciousness of the shock began to dart like points of fire through Mrs. Belle-rose. The pure beauty of her exquisite face became suddenly and awfully marred by a purple flush, which swept at the same instant over forehead and bosom, down to the ungloved hand, lying on the black folds of her dress, the nails of which turned bluish. She raised her handkerchief to her lips mechanically, and when it dropped from her nerveless hand, Rosetta perceived with horror that it was faintly stained with blood. Her eyes darkened until they became black and lustreless, and a blue shadow settled round the tightly compressed lips.

Rosetta's worst suspicions were confirmed, and her heart leaped wildly as she found herself facing this mysterious and terrible secret. She ran hastily to the toilet, and lifting from it a gold-stoppered bottle, poured some of its contents on the face and hands of her mistress, whose appearance alarmed her inexpressibly, though at the same time an instinct seemed to inform her that if she died that moment it would indeed be well for herself and the honor of her house. But Mrs. Belle-rose did not lose consciousness, and, perceiving that she heard and understood her, Rosetta falling on her knees beside her, continued hurriedly:

"Mrs. Belle-rose, I would serve you if I could. I have known, since the night I followed you secretly to the lookout-tower, that there was some secret between you and the Tregars. What it is, I don't wish to know, but for my lord's sake I would assist you to evade the consequences, if you have left yourself in the power of those wretches."

Rosetta paused an instant, and looked almost imploringly at Mrs. Belle-rose, who seemed to be gazing on vacancy. She shook her gently, and said in a tone of agony:

"Oh try to understand what I am saying. At this moment Lord Rosclerra is bringing 'Fram a prisoner here, and he himself told me, if I valued the honor of the family, to tell you this."

Mrs. Belle-rose, at the sound of her son's name in this connection, threw her white arms above her head, as a drowning person in the mortal struggle does. Her eyes were no longer vacant, but rolled on Rosetta with a terrible look, and she suddenly rose from the low chair. Yet, her appearance was more that of one laboring under a horror induced by something supernatural and beyond the common course of nature, than of one who dreads the material consequences of a crime. The masses of her rich hair seemed to move, and her awful eyes turned on a distant corner of the apartment that lay somewhat in shadow.

Rosetta still knelt beside the chair, and a deadly terror descended on her as her eyes followed those of Mrs. Belle-rose. Her nature was intensely impressionable, and under excitement a strange sympathy seemed to exist between her mind and the minds of those about her. She leant forward and caught the flowing folds of Mrs. Belle-rose's dress in her hand, but without rising. Had an observer been present, the startling picture presented by these two beautiful women would to the day of his death have haunted him with a terror that hardly the most repulsive spectacle could have inspired, for there is nothing more horrible than the disfigurement of a high order of loveliness, akin to that of the angels, by the scathing

effects of a roused conscience; and though Rosetta was innocent, as we have seen, the guilty terrors of Mrs. Belle-rose found a reflection in her fine face, and the shrinking horror of her attitude as she half leant upon, half crouched beside the chair, her gaze following that of Mrs. Belle-rose, was most painful to witness.

She absolutely dared not speak or utter a cry, for there was a glare of madness rapidly gathering in the distended eyes of her mistress, that she felt might blaze into wildest paroxysms at the slightest jar, and, shuddering with terror, she pressed her stiff lips together, and beat back any audible expression of the horrible fears possessing her.

The gaze of Mrs. Belle-rose fixed itself on the trembling shadows in the dim corner of the room, where the heavy draperies of the lofty bed almost entirely intercepted the illumination of the firelight and the softly shaded astral lamp standing by the hearth on a quaint stand of gold and ebony.

For a few seconds, ages in their passage to Rosetta, her unwinking eyes pierced the gloom, with so plain a witness, in their deepening horror and dread, that some terrible object, invisible to the young girl, had to her evolved itself from the shadows, that it almost seemed to Rosetta as if in reality there was a mysterious movement in the darkness of the spot on which she gazed.

With the rigid motion of an automaton, Mrs. Belle-rose slowly raised her right arm, on which flashed a broad band of diamonds, and extended it toward the recess on which her eyes were fixed.

"See," she said, in a sighing whisper, like the dreary moaning of an Autumn wind round the ruined eaves of a haunted and deserted house, "she comes again to-night to haunt me with her white face. It is only in the grave that I shall escape her. She will not follow me there."

Her arm fell to her side in the same mechanical way, and she stood passive and statuesque, as though waiting. Then suddenly and shrilly her voice broke the silence in a tone of terrible appeal and anguish.

"Why do you glide before me with the reproach of your vacant eyes and mournful face? Begone, for no blood of you or yours dyes my hand! I am guiltless, guiltless of your blood!"

Rosetta listened with horror to the burning words that spoke of the fearful flashings of conscience which forced them from the lips of this proud and beautiful woman, who walked in the high places of the earth; but to what her wild words pointed, she dared not even guess. That some foul wrong had been done, she could not doubt; but who had been the sufferer? As the vision of a drowning man takes in at one sweep the minutest detail of his past life, so, for a second, the gaze of Rosetta swept back over her years of knowledge of the woman before her; but not one circumstance could she recall that threw the slightest gleam of light on whatever crime it was that stained her soul.

This brief effort of the mind had at least restored to Rosetta the powers of acting and reasoning, never before so completely deadened within her, and, slowly rising from her kneeling posture, she stood for an instant considering what step would be advisable for her to take. She perceived that her communication had completely paralyzed Mrs. Belle-rose at a moment when it was necessary that she should be thoroughly alive to her position, whatever that might be; and it immediately occurred to her that her first act must be to calm and soothe her to some degree of composure. Mrs. Belle-rose still stood in the same attitude, and, advancing to her side, Rosetta laid her hand lightly on her arm. She felt, herself, an unaccountable repugnance to glance at the distant corner toward which Mrs. Belle-rose was still gazing; and, wishing to engage her attention, she looked fixedly at her; but, from her position, she could not altogether exclude the spot from her range of vision, and, even as she addressed Mrs. Belle-rose, she became uneasily conscious that her mind was in reality engaged with painful intentness on the spot from which she was endeavoring to turn it.

"Mrs. Belle-rose," she said, in a firm voice, "there is nothing in this apartment that need alarm you. Think for a moment—we are alone, completely alone—and you know best whether the position of your affairs to-night requires your attention."

"Alone, girl!" cried Mrs. Belle-rose, turning suddenly and fiercely on her; "I am never alone! A shadow that I can feel, but see not, flits always by my side; but to-night, in the gallery, the shadow took shape, and I saw her, and again, now, moving there, a dark shadow amid the darkness."

Rosetta felt herself obliged to glance at the spot as Mrs. Belle-rose turned her rigid face and distended eyes again toward it; and, hoping to dispel the dreadful phantasy of a guilty brain, she walked to the stand supporting the lamp, which she lifted and carried toward the recess. As she paused for an instant in the act of raising it, a faint rustle, like the fluttering of a dress, caught her ear, and she turned quickly, hoping that the spell of terror that bound Mrs. Belle-rose's gaze to those shadows which her demented brain endowed with the semblance of the presence that haunted her was broken, and that she was again approaching the hearth. Her countenance changed as she observed that Mrs. Belle-rose had not changed, by the faintest movement of a muscle or fold of dress, from her rigid attitude of fixed attention.

Carrying the lamp in her hand, she walked rapidly, but nearly suffocated by the beating of her heart, toward the recess. As the soft light of the lamp flooded it, it became plain that it was, as she supposed, empty; and, holding the lamp aloft, she silently pointed out the fact to Mrs. Belle-rose, waiting for the mute evidence to make the proper impression on her senses.

As the cheerful beams fell in a soft radiance on the shady place, it swept an instant revelation of the fact into the soul of the watching

woman. There is a dead level of materialism, to which, from our highest flight of happy fancy, or the most profound blacknesses of the horrors of despair, we must all return, and on this firm ground the wavering foot of Mrs. Bellerose suddenly remained firm. She felt that the room was warm, cheerful, and at the same moment recalled clearly the announcement that had nearly maddened her. It was incomprehensible how suddenly the old proud grace returned to her bearing, and the dormant power and clearness to her mind.

She walked to the low chair she had occupied beside the fire, and, motioning Rosetta to a seat, she leant her head on her hand in deep thought. The utter bewilderment of her faculties had disappeared, but as the circumstances of her position filed before her mental vision, the hot flush of fever rose to her pallid cheeks, and her eyes began to glitter. How far did Rosetta suspect her? What chance had she now of escaping immediate detection, and intolerable ignominy, a thousand times worse than a fiery death to her haughty soul? Dared she trust, or was it imperative that she should confide in, this black-browed girl, whom of late she had instinctively hated?

A few moments' reflection pointed out to her the most prudent course for her to pursue, at least until she had time, precious time, to mature her plans. Rosetta could know nothing, suspect nothing, except that she released Fram from his imprisonment in the look-out-tower; her motives for doing so she could not by the widest range of possibility guess at. She swept the waves of disordered hair from her burning forehead and looked up at Rosetta, who was regarding her with unconcealed eagerness. A fierce throb of revolt rose in her against the words she was about to utter—for, oh, how her soul rebelled against the degradation she had thrust on it, no one but the proud, originally high-minded woman herself could have guessed. The fiery torments of Pandemonium are not the material pangs of present physical tortures, but the vivid memory of the throne of pearls and silver on which the souls in their early innocence had sat, and from which they were hurled by the black and burning hand of guilt.

"Rosetta," she said, in a low but even voice, "I owe you some slight explanation of occurrences that I know must excite your suspicion and curiosity. You will have guessed that some secret tie exists between me and those people, from one of whom you have to-night brought me a message?"

She paused, looking steadily at Rosetta, who made a movement of her lips as though to reply, but Mrs. Bellerose checked her with a gesture of her transparent hand, and went on, speaking very deliberately:

"Of course, you could not help it—I acknowledge that; and, believe me, I quite appreciate what you must have felt if you imagined that any disgrace could attach to a member of the family under the fostering care of which you have grown to womanhood. Yes, you would have felt the degradation as keenly as your own."

Again Mrs. Bellerose paused a moment, with her serious and attentive eyes fixed on her companion, on whose expressive face she read that her carefully considered words had had the effect intended.

"Now," she resumed, "I do not intend to let you retain the idea, fostered, I have no doubt, by my weak and nervous behavior to-night, that there is anything disgraceful in the secret existing, I acknowledge, between myself and those people. An unfortunate event occurred once—no matter how many years ago now, but before you were born, child—to a dear relative of mine, the revelation of which even now would do no good, and bring incalculable evil on one dearer to me than any one save my son. Are you attending to me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Rosetta, who, indeed, seemed with her large and eager eyes to be devouring the face of the speaker.

"These Tregars are the sole surviving witnesses of the deed," continued Mrs. Bellerose, the fever in whose cheeks was giving way to the ashen pallor of extreme physical exhaustion, "which was one of violence, but, believe me, child, not of malice; and I acknowledge that the terror of their constant presence and frequent and extortionate demands for money urged me to bribe them to leave England. I had hoped and understood, for America. Do you wonder that their sudden reappearance, under such mysterious and extraordinary circumstances, nearly prostrated me?"

Her languid tones, and the dying light in her brilliant eyes, filled Rosetta with dread, while the skillfully devised fable, though it did not altogether deceive her, yet completely forbade her venturing to accuse or warn her who uttered it, and gained her credence, if not altogether, yet so far as to shake her suspicions of the personal guilt of Mrs. Bellerose.

Rosetta had a noble soul, and, in her answer, she let its noblest impulse—that of a sublime charity—guide her.

"Mrs. Bellerose," she said, rising and approaching her, "as you said, the disgrace that would darken the name of Rosclerra would shadow me as my own. I don't wish to know your secret—I would not if I could; but, for the sake of"—she paused, her voice trembled, and the tears sprang like diamonds to her eyes—"for the sake of the dead earl and your son, I will, if you should need such humble assistance as mine, gladly aid you, in so far as one true woman may help another. I will, with your permission, send Fanchon to you now."

"Do so," said Mrs. Bellerose, faintly.

When Fanchon came, in a few moments, she found Mrs. Bellerose lying back insensible in the low chair, the front of her dress dyed with the blood yet pouring from between her lips in a thin red stream, while on the floor, on the white llama rug at her feet, the splendid sheen of the Borgias ring caught and flung back the crimson sparkle of the dying embers in the grate, on which a sheet of closely written

paper was turning quickly to gray ashes, that, as she looked, flamed into a dancing field of carbuncles, which in turn became floating motes of black, which whirled out of sight up the chimney.

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THOSE who are conversant with the manners and customs of the Chinese, will not be surprised at the novel character of the four illustrations which we publish to-day in relation to the Imperial wedding which has recently taken place at Peking.

All the Emperors of China for two hundred years back had been married while their fathers were living. This present marriage, however, is exceptional, as the mother of his Imperial Majesty is a widow. No fewer than a thousand young ladies, belonging to the Manchu families of rank were inspected by the Dowager Empress and the Empress, and out of this number about thirty were selected to live in the palace, that their habits and dispositions might be studied. Of these, one fortunate, and we presume beautiful creature, was ultimately selected as worthy the royal prize, and she was at once placed in charge of such high dignitaries and others as were competent to instruct her in court etiquette and everything pertaining to the exalted position to which she was to be elevated. It is a singular circumstance that until the night of the nuptials she had not been seen by the Emperor, and then only when she arrived within the secluded regions of his quarters.

The subjects of our illustrations are, in the first place, The Tablets with the Titles of the Bride being borne along, forming part of the Bridal Procession at Midnight. Tablets of red paper of this kind are always carried before a bride in China; but on this occasion they were of gold. Secondly, the grand daily procession in the week previous to the actual wedding-day, carrying the bride's trousseau, her wearing apparel, jewels and ornaments, her household furniture, and the immense quantity of costly gifts sent her from every province of China, to her destined home in the Imperial Palace. Thirdly, a procession in the afternoon, before the appointed hour for the nuptials, which were fixed to take place at midnight, but for which the bride's chair of state, with golden tablets displaying her names and titles, and with a grand array of banners and umbrellas, was sent to fetch her as became such an occasion. Finally, the Bridal Procession at Midnight, on its way through the city streets, between the Bride's Palace and the Palace of the Emperor.

Two tablets of gold were sent to the bride. These were her credentials, and in an ordinary marriage they are written with colors on pieces of red paper, and contain the names and other particulars about the happy couple. In this case the tablet became a document raising the bride to the high dignity of Empress of China. About four o'clock a procession with the bride's chair left the palace. It was headed by a Mongul Prince and Mongul chiefs in extra grand costume. The fifth Imperial Prince, known as Tun, and a Celestial Excellency of the name of Ling, were in full command of the ceremonies. The Mongul Prince carried what might be called the Chinese pallium, or symbol of the Emperor's supreme power, in his hand; this is understood to be about as sacred as the Emperor himself, and gives the highest dignity to the ceremony. Thirty white horses, in gold and yellow trappings, were near the beginning. The procession consisted principally of banners and very tall triple umbrellas of various colors, with dragons and phoenixes embroidered on them. There were round, square, and heart-shaped fans of very high poles. "Golden melons" on the end of red poles formed another of the symbols carried. At last came the Imperial canopy or umbrella, which, like the Chatta of Buddha, is a triple one. This was followed by the bride's chair; this was all of yellow silk, with a golden crown-like top to it, ornamented with the dragon and the phoenix. There were no barbaric pearl and gold about it; on the contrary, nothing could have been more simple and chaste in its decoration.

A Chinese marriage is a long series of ceremonies, and is tiresome to read, and must be tiresome to go through. The Imperial marriage would in all details be nearly the same, except in one or two points, owing to the rank and position of the parties.

FOREIGN NOTES.

AMERICAN credit has been very good in London during the past year, notwithstanding the unsettled condition of the foreign money markets for some months. It appears from the London journals that in 1872 about \$95,000,000 was paid in London on account of newly issued American stocks, and that other American securities were bought to an amount that would bring up the investment in American stocks and bonds for the year to \$110,000,000, or nearly one-seventh of the total British investments in securities during the year. This fact explains why there has been no serious financial derangement on account of the deficiency of \$100,000,000 in American exports, as compared with her imports. American railroad and mining stocks have brought her back more than enough to adjust the balance of trade.

GERMAN politics centre on Bismarck's removal, which is considered as the forerunner of his entire overthrow. Secret intrigues have been going on at the Court of Berlin. The new Prime Minister of Prussia, General Count von Roon, is represented as a military organizer; as a man unpopular, who hates parliamentary institutions as a nuisance; who repudiates the idea that lawyers and merchants, as members of the Chamber, should have anything to do with the Army Budget. Since 1866 he has steadily opposed Bismarck's Liberal policy.

THE Carlists are reported to be acting with terrible cruelty in the North of Spain, murdering and mutilating those who oppose them, and forcing hundreds of young men to join the insurgent ranks.

It is estimated that 60,000 persons were present at Chiselhurst at Napoleon's funeral. On returning, the Prince Imperial was greeted with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" to which he replied: "The Emperor is dead. Vive la France!"

The new King of Sweden is said to be "a jovial man, who delights in practical jokes." Monarchy is getting to be about the biggest practical joke of the day; so the new king is just the man for the business.

ADVICES from Zanzibar to the 30th of November state that letters have been received there from Unyanyembe, announcing that the expedition with supplies for Dr. Livingstone, which was sent forward by Mr. Stanley, had reached the great traveler, who again started for the interior of Africa on the 18th of August.

CASES of starvation are becoming unpleasantly common in London. There is a picturesque tragedy about the story of two old men, all skin and bone, found dead in a dilapidated house, recently, in Lambeth.

As an illustration of the difference between England and the United States in respect to education, we clip the following item from a London journal: "New York has 101,883 scholars to rather over a million of inhabitants; these children receive their instruction from 2,765 masters (i. e., one teacher to every thirty-six pupils); the educational budget amounts to very nearly £700,000, or £7 for each child. In England, in one year, 35,999 men and 49,522 women were found unable to sign the marriage register."

We learn that the proprietors of the London Daily Telegraph have placed an unlimited sum at the disposal of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, to enable Mr. Smith, the author of the paper on the Chaldee account of the Deluge, to proceed to the East for the purpose of further investigation among the Assyrian ruins.

It is rumored in the lobbies of the French Assembly that a coalition has been effected between the Legitimists and Orleanists.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has authorized the announcement that he intends to abstain from all intrigues against the present French Government, either on his own behalf or on behalf of Eugénie or her son; and he declares that when his rights as a French citizen are recognized, he will support the Republic.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, who is a widower, having pledged himself in marriage—morganatic, it is alleged—to the Countess Manifiori, Prince Humbert, his eldest son, and heir-apparent, threatens to leave Italy if the proposed marriage is made legal. The King has approved the Civil Marriage Bill, by which marriage is made a civil contract, and binding on the parties without the aid of the Church.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Life in China—A Chinese Marriage.

The marriage ceremony in China differs in many respects from that of our own and other countries. Love before marriage was never the fashion with the Chinese. A Chinaman, if he moves in polite circles, has never seen the lady to whom he is betrothed, and has not the remotest idea of what she is like, whether she will at all resemble the creature his fond fancy has painted, or whether the first sight of her unvalued face on the day of marriage will cast a shadow over the prospect of his future life. He does not understand love; it is no part of the marriage contract. The parents of marriageable children usually engage a professional person, or go-between, to negotiate an alliance for their son or daughter. Suitable presents are exchanged, and an astrologer is called in to fix a lucky day for the ceremony. Should a lady who has been betrothed in the customary manner by her parents die before marriage, the bereaved youth is at liberty to make another engagement; but, should he die before marriage, the young lady must go into weeds for the term of her natural life; and should she during her widowhood be held in esteem by her neighbors for perfect chastity, the Imperial Government will erect a stone arch over her grave. The ceremonies preliminary to a Chinese marriage are somewhat similar to those described in the adjoining column in connection with the Imperial wedding, but of course on a smaller scale. There is a procession which parades the streets with the articles of household furniture, the silks and jewels of the new couple. The bride is held in her brother's arms over a fire of charcoal, to dispel any lurking devilry that may be about her. She is carried in a chair to the home of the bridegroom, followed by a chorus of weeping females, amid the din of firecrackers, the shrill tones of native flutes and the boom of gongs. The principal points of the wedding itself are, that as soon as the bride reaches the bridegroom's house, they sit down together and drink a cup of wine, the two cups being connected with a red ribbon, and being exchanged while drinking. There is drinking of that, and numerous repetitions of eating various kinds of food. One great point is that they worship heaven and earth together, and this is never done with any of the second-class wives. They also worship their ancestors. The eating and drinking, with visiting relations and being visited, lasts for many days.

The Prince and Princess of Wales in Derbyshire.

In the latter part of December the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to Derbyshire, and the occasion is made the subject of several illustrations by the British Illustrated Press. The first important duty which the Prince had to perform after his arrival was the distribution of the prizes to the pupils of the Derby Grammar School, in the Drill Hall, a handsome building, capable of holding 2,000 persons, and tastefully decorated with crimson and gold, scarlet and blue, and festoons of artificial flowers. The prize-giving was preceded by music and scenes from various plays. The first prize was given to a lad named Hobson, captain of the school, who has distinguished himself as a mathematician. Then followed a long string of young folk, some hobble-de-hoys, some

quite tiny lads, and one of whom, in his anxiety not to turn his back on the Prince, in descending the dais stumbled and fell, causing a general laugh, in which the Prince and Princess joined. Our engraving commemorates this incident. The royal party also paid a visit to Chatsworth, the princely residence of the Duke of Devonshire, renowned for its splendid gardens, one of which is represented in our illustration. The French Garden is remarkable for its forest of pillars surmounted by busts, its grand old Egyptian figures, its Chinese beakers and vases, its sculptured figures, and groups of statuary. Near this are greenhouses, conservatories, camellia and orchid-houses. The Great Conservatory is especially interesting, as being the first of the kind ever erected, and as being the precursor of the Hyde Park Crystal Palace of 1851, and of all similar iron and glass buildings. It is the work of Mr. afterward Sir Joseph Paxton, the world-renowned gardener. The Orangery, of which we give a representation as it appeared when illuminated, is entered by a massive doorway from the Sculpture Gallery, between two splendidly sculptured colossal lions, after Canova. It is 108 feet long and 27 feet wide, and besides its myriads of beauties as a conservatory, contains some exceedingly fine specimens of sculpture.

The Chinese Imperial Wedding—The Procession Bearing the Tablets of the Bride.

A description of this illustration appears in the second column of this page.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

VICTOR HUGO, "on dit," is poor.

JOHN BRIGHT will be with us soon.

TOOLE, the English comedian, is also coming.

POPE PIUS has lost \$200,000 by the "bursting" of a Brussels bank.

ARCHBISHOP BAYLEY, of Baltimore, is quite recovered from his late illness.

MR. J. G. THORNE, father-in-law of Ole Bull, is a State Senator in Wisconsin.

GENERAL DIX is the oldest Governor, so far as years go, in the United States.

THE Mikado of Japan will not have his photograph submitted to the public.

SANTA ANNA's name is once more mentioned. He is said to be expected at Vera Cruz.

MR. GLADSTONE entered his 63d year, and Mr. Disraeli his 68th year, on the 31st ult.

EBENEZER COGGSWELL, of Derry, N. H., has tolled the bell at 2,000 funerals, within 32 years.

MARSHAL BAZAINE is deeply affected by the death of Napoleon. The news rendered him quite ill.

SENATOR GOLDTHWAITE, of Alabama, was a classmate of Mr. Sumner's in Boston, half a century ago.

BAYARD TAYLOR recently delivered an original discourse on American Literature, at Gotha, in Germany.

EX-CONFEDERATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL REAGAN has petitioned Congress to remove his political disabilities.

CHIEF-ENGINEER J. B. KIMBALL has been ordered to duty as Inspector of Machinery afloat at Norfolk, Va.

It is announced that Dr. Livingstone is entitled to seven years' arrears of salary as British Consul in Central Africa.

THE King of Siam has sent to President Thiers a valuable present, and styles himself his affectionate friend and brother.

THE Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is said to have refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with Vladimir of Russia.

It is stated that, since Mlle. Christine Nilsson was married, the demand for Christine Nilsson watches in Paris have largely fallen off.

PREPARATIONS are being made in Savannah to give Wade Hampton an ovation on the 20th inst., when he is to deliver an address on Robert E. Lee.

THE ball in aid of the Infant Asylum, given on Thursday evening, January 16th, at the Academy of Music, was, we are glad to learn, a great success.

QUEEN VICTORIA's son, the Duke of Edinburgh, is President of an orchestral society, and lately played first fiddle at a rehearsal in Royal Albert Hall.

M. LITRE has at last completed his great dictionary of the French language. It is in four huge quarto volumes, embracing 4,776 pages of small type.

TENNYSON is exceedingly reserved. He is said to be the only living Englishman of notoriety whose talent for privacy no American has ever baffled.

MR. GORDON L. FORD, of Brooklyn, former Collector of Internal Revenue, has taken charge of the publishing department of the *Tribune*, in place of Mr. Samuel Sinclair.

M. LISBOA, a son of the former Brazilian Minister at Washington, has been assigned to the Brazilian Legation here, as Secretary. He is accompanied by his wife.

THE Pope's late allocution, as published, is reported in Rome to have been garbled by the official translators, who cut out or rewrote the bitterest and most trenchant phrases.

THE Russian official gazette announces that a diploma of honor has been conferred upon Baron Leibig, for the application of his knowledge of theoretical chemistry to practical purposes.

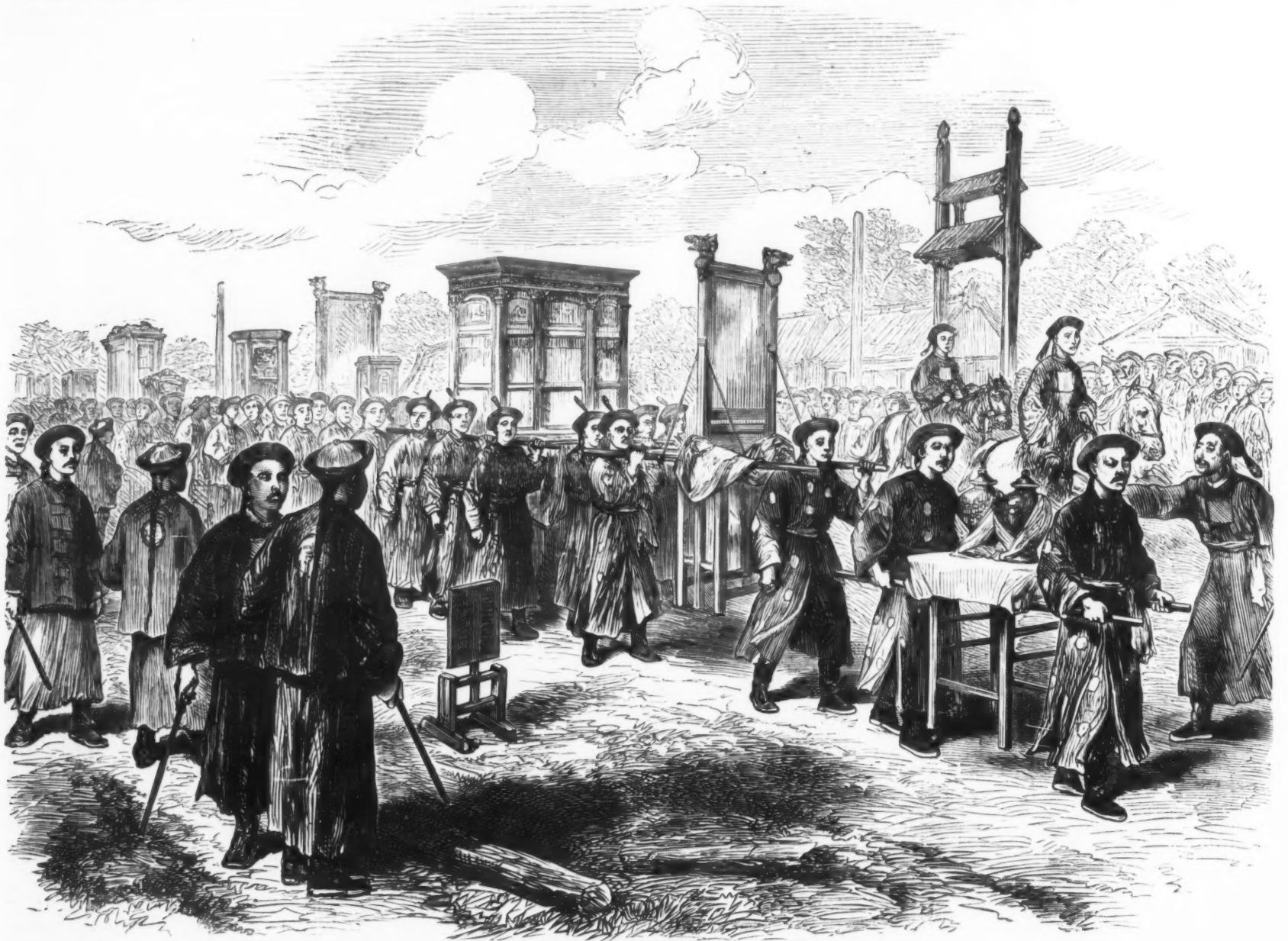
MRS. SEWELL lately deceased at Newburyport, Mass., was one of a company of children that, some 80 years ago or more, greeted Washington with singing on the occasion of his entrance into that town.

It is stated that Messrs. Eyer & Matteini, well-known bankers at Florence, have manifested great practical kindness toward American tourists left without available money by the failure of Messrs. Bowles Brothers & Co.

THE Hon. Thomas E. Dudley, lately United States Consul at Liverpool, has been appointed Special Assistant Attorney-General of the United States to prosecute claims of American citizens residing in England, growing out of the Alabama case.

THE Cavour family is in danger of becoming extinct. The young Marquis Alarido, nephew of the great Minister, son of Count Gustave de Cavour, and the only remaining male branch of the family, is seriously attacked with slow consumption.

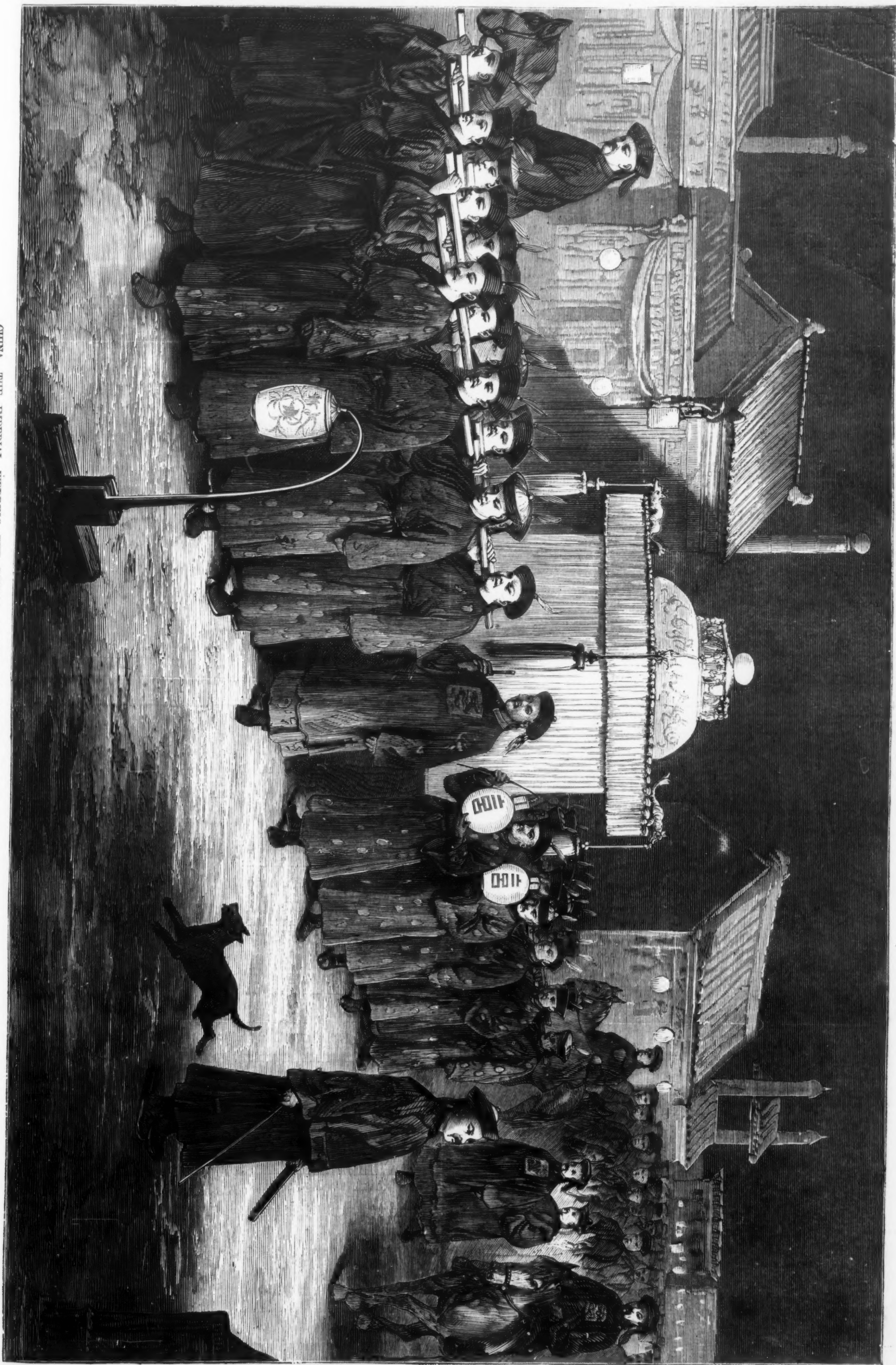
MR. GLADSTONE has stopped all sentimentalizing about his reading Homer. "I think it right to mention," says he, "that, so far as my memory serves me, I have not read Homer for 50 years or for a quarter of an hour consecutively during the last four years."



CHINA.—THE IMPERIAL WEDDING—THE PROCESSION CARRYING THE TROUSSEAU OF THE BRIDE.—SEE PAGE 339.



CHINA.—THE IMPERIAL WEDDING—THE PROCESSION FROM THE IMPERIAL PALACE TO THE BRIDE'S RESIDENCE ON THE WEDDING-DAY.—SEE PAGE 339.



CHINA.—THE IMPERIAL WEDDING.—THE BRIDAL PROCESSION AT MIDNIGHT IN THE STREETS OF PEKIN.—See Page 339.

HOW THEY LIVE IN SWEDEN.

THE houses are warm, being built of strong, thick walls, generally of brick, with high stone foundations. They are small, commonly of one story, and meant for but one family. They are not so very simple, but they are simply furnished, there often being, especially in the northern part, where the dwellings are frequently of logs, and covered with turf or straw, no more than one room in the house, and in that only the coarsest home-made furniture. The sleeping-room (there is rarely more than one), is provided with ranges of beds in tiers, one above the other, the women generally sleeping below, and the men above. You rarely see any carpet, but the floors are sprinkled with a clean white sand, which dries up moisture, gives off no dust, and may easily be removed. Sometimes the floors, as in Germany, are painted, or of wood mosaic; in very rarely indulged in. Occasionally the best rooms will have a little carpet, but never more than two strips, which cross each other in the centre.

The land is generally good, and four-fifths of all the people subsist by agriculture. Great quantities of wheat, rye and barley are raised, the stubble-fields being now seen stretching out in every direction. Much of this grain is exported to Germany and Great Britain. Large droves of cattle, sheep, geese and ducks may also be seen in the fields, though the stock is far inferior to that of Denmark, where it was a real pleasure to see the magnificent droves in their pastures. The cattle and poultry are commonly kept in the same field, the ducks and geese being around the ponds, while the sheep and cows are scattered through the meadows, a shepherd-boy commonly sleeping in some fence-corner. In the evening these flocks are all driven to the barnyard, where they present a lively scene for a few hours after sunset. I spent a little time at the country residence of a large landowner in this neighborhood, where the noise of ducks and geese in his barnyard was like a perpetual horse-fiddle serenade.

THE TRUE STANDARD OF POESY.

THERE is no standard of poesy absolutely covering all the necessities of the case. Minds commonly astute in relation to the beauties of general literature, and sensitive to impressions native to prose, are at times completely at sea in relation to poesy. When Milton used the sublime expression, "dark with excess of light," criticism, as it stood at the period, shrank aghast at the paradox; but succeeding generations, in the radiance of a broader illumination, recognized it as, perhaps, the most comprehensive and philosophic term that could be used in relation to the idea. Yet, at the time this proposition was questioned, men of undoubted education criticised it severely, and thought Milton scarcely better than the gold that bears his name to-day. The truth is, rhyme and reason are better understood now among the masses, and many who would scarcely be complimented to be classed with the latter, than what may be properly styled poetry. Even among critics, the most accomplished—nay, learned—there is such diversity of opinion on the subject of poetry, that it is just now hopeless for the mere tyro to arrive at any just conclusion in the premises through their instrumentality. We therefore consider it established as a rule, that when, on taking up any book of poems or poetical effusion—or, rather, when, on reading it, we shall feel what is called "goose-flesh" rising along our spine and arms, or a flush mount to our brows without any apparent cause—or, more significant still, a tear unbidden suffuse our eyes—then we may rest assured that, without any analysis upon the subject, we have been reading true poetry.

SCIENTIFIC.

A HIGHLY interesting article appears in the December number of *Belgravia*, entitled "Is Electricity Life?" From it we make the following extract, which we think will be new to the majority of our readers: "Bodies have not only electricity within them, but an electric atmosphere, of the form of the body which it surrounds, and which is attracted by it. Without this we could not shake hands with a friend, or kiss a lip, without the danger of the excess of electricity flying off and destroying us, or the he or she that we would greet or kiss. Perhaps it is the commingling of these electric atmospheres that makes kissing so nice. Two conditions of the human body are also illustrative of its varied electric action. A person who has the smallpox cannot be electrified, while sparks of electricity may be drawn from the body of a patient dying of cholera. In the first instance it appears that the body is fully charged with its own electricity, since it is impossible to electrify a body beyond a certain degree; in the latter there seems to be a tendency to part with the electric force which is essential to the support of life, and which may account for the distressing and rapid weakness of cholera patients."

THE Council of the London Zoological Society have conferred the silver medal of the Society on Mr. A. D. Bartlett, superintendent of the Society's gardens, "in recognition of his valuable services to the Society, and in commemoration of the birth and successful rearing of the young hippopotamus, born November 5th;" and the bronze medal on Michael Prescott and Arthur Thompson, the two keepers who had charge of the hippopotamus during the late eventful period.

THE Council of the Society of Arts have resolved to offer the Society's gold medal to that manufacturer who shall produce and send to the London International Exhibition of 1873 the best specimens of steel, suitable for affording increased security in the construction of locomotive and marine engines and boilers, and for other engineering purposes.

THE Berlin Geological Society has opened subscriptions for the contemplated Congo Expedition, Dr. Güssfeldt, the glacier explorer, who is to be the leader of the enterprise, has himself contributed nearly \$5,000, and there is every prospect that the full amount necessary will be forthcoming.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE Home Circuit—Walking about with baby in the night.

A good thing for the elevation of woman—Thick-soled boots.

"I'm the page that's always red," said the boy in buttons with curly hair.

HIGH PRICES.—Paterfamilias says the only thing that continues to fail is the rain!

WHY does a sculptor die the most horrible of deaths? He makes up faces and "busts."

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A little boy, on being threatened with a whipping, hung his head.

SOME men who are reported "to live on their wits," must live on very limited premises.

POOR Jones says he always gives Mrs. J. her own way, because it is the only thing he has to give her.

It has come to be looked upon as a legal fact that any man who didn't divide his property to suit all his heirs was insane.

DIO LEWIS, having successfully demonstrated that he can live at an average cost of fifty-four cents a week, has started a newspaper.

A NEW YORK street-car conductor, who said, "Yes, madame," to a lady, has been presented with a new overcoat, and they talk of a statue of him.

A RURAL critic in Pennsylvania says of Carolina Patti: "It is said that she sustains clearly the tone of F, an octave above the highest soprano line."

THERE are said to be good reasons for supposing that sentimental young ladies who write poems about death and the grave have holes in their stockings.

An old lady was admiring the beautiful picture called "Saved." "It's no wonder," said she, "that the poor child fainted after pulling that great dog out of the water."

A smart boy in one of the public schools of Cadiz, Pa., having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially for roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and ties it up."

A GOOD WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

THIS is the season when our weekly newspapers are publishing their programmes for the New Year. We notice none more attractive than that of the *New York Fireside Companion*. Mr. Edmund Yates, the popular English novelist, who has been among the distinguished visitors of this country during the Winter, has written a story during his visit expressly for that paper, which will be commenced January 27th. Miss Emily Faithfull, another English visitor, has also written a series of valuable articles for the paper on the interesting topic, "What Can be Done for Poor Single Women." Oliver Optic and Petroleum V. Nasby have been added to the long list of popular native authors who will write regularly for the paper. With such a staff, the *New York Fireside Companion* cannot fail to be unusually interesting and valuable, and a good paper for every family in the land.

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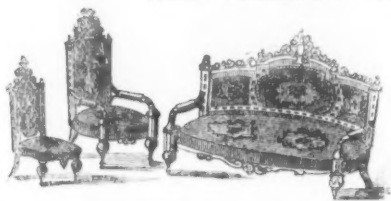
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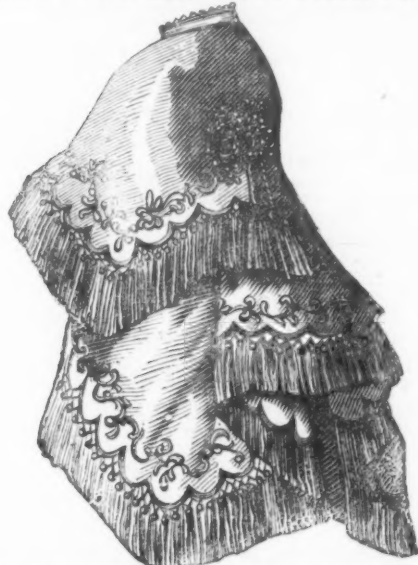
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No. 218.—GIRL'S SACQUE, WITH TALMA CAPE.

The pattern of this very comfortable and most useful appendage to a little girl's wardrobe, may be made up of waterproof cloth, or Cashmere. The garment here represented was made of scarlet cloth, braided in a pretty design round the cape, sacque and cuffs. It was lined with silk, and finished round the edges and below the braiding with a wide braid to correspond. The cape can be worn separate, if preferred.



No. 52.—LADY'S WALKING TOILET.

This is taken from our latest Fashion-plate, and is an exceedingly graceful mantle, very appropriate for young ladies. It was made of black velvet, with heavy silk fringe, and was embroidered round the cape and skirt with silk floss in a very pretty design. The skirt was looped at the centre of the back with a large bow, the ends of which had fringe also. This garment, stylish and elegant as it appears, is not difficult to make up, and takes very little material; four to five yards of 27-inch goods are quite sufficient for any size. Cashmere, braided and trimmed with lace, or with a pleating of the same, would be inexpensive. Fringe for this style of garment is preferred.



No. 155.—LADY'S CASAQUE.

This is the newest Parisian style for house costume. The above picture illustrates a dress which was made of prune-colored gros-grain silk, trimmed with rich guipure lace. The corsage is high, and closes in front with large buttons, the neck being finished with narrow lace. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond, displaying white under-sleeves, which are confined at the hand. The apron-front and lower edge of the garment are trimmed with deep lace, which is set on with a bias band of satin, so as to form a heading. The pattern of this elegant casaque is simple to make, and is appropriate for any dress-material which may be selected. The trimming is a matter of taste.

Cut paper patterns of the above illustrations, as well as of any number selected from our Catalogue, will be sent to any place, on receipt of price—Twenty-five Cents, and bust measure.

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